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The Progressives and the Veteran

THERE APPEARS TO BE an intensive campaign under way to convince the American public that the government is doing handsomely by its war veterans. Newspapers and magazines are carrying articles which give the impression that, thanks to the so-called GI Bill of Rights of 1944, veterans are resuming their education, purchasing homes and farms and going into business at little or no expense to themselves. A commercial movie short, evidently made with the blessing of the Army and the federal government, undertakes to dramatize all the benefits to which veterans are entitled and strongly implies that veterans are living right this minute in Utopia. The campaign, if it succeeds, can produce only one effect, a self-congratulatory feeling on the part of the public that everything possible is being done for ex-servicemen.

Many of those who express concern with what they call the veteran's "readjustment" seem to be thinking exclusively in terms of his emotional life. A vast number of articles, many of them scientifically foolish and dangerous, have been written about "psychoneurotics" and how to treat them. The emphasis on emotional difficulties in some—though certainly not all—of this material would lead the unwary reader to imagine that veterans either live in an economic vacuum or have solved all the economic problems that the rest of mankind is still struggling with. Here again, the implication is that all financial obligations to veterans are being discharged. Regrettably, the financial aid being given to veterans is nothing to boast about. And however well meaning the interest in the veterans' emotions may be, there is a strong chance that more "psychoneuroses" will develop because veterans are unable to find a rewarding place in our economic society than because parents and wives failed to read an article on how to talk to returning infantrymen.

To study and recommend improvements in the economic and social benefits available to veterans would seem a particularly fruitful field for progressives. The history of the progressive movement as a whole, vis-à-vis the veteran, is hardly brilliant. After the last war, the deep and understandable distaste felt by most liberals for the principal veterans' organizations seemed to translate itself into neglect of the whole veterans' question. Many liberals, as well as financially orthodox conservatives, had a good many cutting things to say about bonus and pension "grabs" and were much more interested in combating the American Legion in politics than in improving the social services of the inept and hidebound Veterans' Administration. Explanations of the liberal attitude come easily to mind. It must be recognized that the whole concept of the social-service state did not gain wide acceptance until the thirties. But there will be no adequate explanation this time if progressives fail or refuse to interest themselves in the welfare of the returning serviceman. After the last war there were some four million veterans. This time there will be from 14 to 15 million. The great majority will be under 30, and it is not merely a phrase to say that they constitute the next American generation.

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The whole future of American democracy is thus intimately tied to the future of the veterans.

It cannot be said that thus far the typical progressive has taken a lively interest in veterans' questions. It is surely ironical that the most far-reaching and salutary study of the Veterans' Administration and of veterans' benefits has been made by the 75-year-old Bernard Baruch, who does not pretend to an "advanced" social or economic philosophy. Yet to date he is the veterans' best friend. Only with the medical services of the Veterans' Administration have the majority of progressives shown much concern.

For the most part they have been content to parrot the information that the Army and the government have distributed concerning the benefits contained in the GI Bill of Rights and other legislation. All such federal legislation to date has been well intentioned, but it has proved to be either impractical or inadequate. Indeed, a few of the states are being more generous to resident veterans than the federal government is being to veterans as a national group.

The educational benefits of the GI Bill of Rights look good on paper, but as numerous educators have pointed out, the living expenses—$50 a month for a single man, $75 a month for a married man—are ridiculously small. To receive more than a year's course, a man over 25 at the time of induction must prove that his education was interrupted by his military service, and even younger men must have had a long service record to get a full college course. The House last summer passed a bill which provided slight raises in living allowances. The Senate has not yet seen fit to act, but even if living expenses are substantially increased, it is doubtful that more than a small majority of veterans will feel able to return to school.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Masterpiece

The loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights are even narrower than the educational benefits. The government undertakes to guarantee only up to $2,000 of a loan for a home, business or farm, and pays only the first year's interest on that amount. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that any man who obtains a GI loan from a financial institution can just as easily obtain a loan without recourse to a government guarantee. GI loans are hedged with such restrictions that they are available only to men who are good risks under any circumstances. The farm-loan provisions are particularly inadequate, and more veterans are obtaining loans through the Farm Security Administration, which offers more generous terms to veterans and non-veterans alike, than through the Veterans' Administration. The Veterans' Administration is now in the process of reorganization, but anyone who has read the recent Baruch report knows that, however able General Omar N. Bradley may prove, it will be a long time before that sprawling agency can be freed from the red tape in which it became encased during the Hines era. By now it must be thoroughly clear that the hospital services of the VA have been inefficient and antiquated when they have not been downright callous. And the explanation is dishearteningly simple: the government has simply not been willing to spend enough money to get good personnel.

The unemployment compensation offered to veterans by the federal government is slightly more generous than that offered by many of the states to civilians, but that is all that can be said for it. The Selective Service Act of 1940 "guarantees" the veteran the right to return to his pre-service job. On the face of it, this provision seems simple and no more than elementary justice. In application, it has proved complex. National Selective Service and the unions are quarreling fiercely over the interpretation of the law—so fiercely that some observers have been panicked into suggesting that Congress must define this "right" all over again. Selective Service appears to have come up with an interpretation that is often absolutely unworkable, while the free-handed use the unions have made of the tactless phrase, "super-seniority," should alarm all who are aware that union relations with veterans have been something less than good. In part, these relations are the work of a press that is notoriously hostile to labor. But it is also in part the result of narrow union thinking. The unions and their friends have too much emphasized that the problem of jobs and good wages for veterans is the problem of jobs and good wages for all. This is indisputably true, in a long-range sense, but it is understandable that some veterans should interpret the idea—at least in its short-term application—as being of a piece with the kind of thinking that ignores the veteran's economic problems and concentrates on his emotions.

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The simple fact is that the veteran, when first released from service, is undeniably in a different category from the ex-war worker, even from the ex-war worker who moved far from home and temporarily took up a new trade. For many months or years the veteran has been out of touch not only with his own former trade, business or profession but with the whole matter of earning a civilian living. He may be so young as never to have held a job before induction. He may be partially disabled. He has not usually had a chance to build up appreciable savings during his military service. If he is rational, he will of course admit that his destiny is linked with that of the entire national economy. But he will generally maintain, and with reason, that for the moment he occupies an unfavorable position in the labor market and that he deserves some special help in getting a job.

When he is discharged, he receives his railroad fare to his induction point and $200 or $300 (depending on whether he has seen overseas service) in monthly instalments. Most of this amount the average veteran will probably have to spend on new clothes. Except that his unemployment compensation is slightly more generous than that available to many civilians (though still below the amount of weekly compensation recommended by the President for all the unemployed), he is henceforth on his own. The United States Employment Service will try to help him get a job, as it will try to help any other job-seeker. Reports on the help accorded veterans by the USES are not spectacularly good. Many veterans complain that they get the "runaround." Some of these complaints are undoubtedly not justified, but by and large the USES is overworked and undermanned. It is doubtful that many of its employees are really expert in personnel placement, and it is even more doubtful that prospective employers are fully coöperating with the agency.

In some communities an effort has been made to centralize all veterans' agencies under one roof and to assume community responsibility for their welfare. But many American towns seem to feel that they have discharged their responsibilities if they erect a signboard listing the names of men who have been inducted into the services or if their newspapers print editorials congratulating the taxpayers on the splendid favors they have conferred on veterans under the GI Bill of Rights. A long promised second Baruch report is expected to show that some of our allies—Canada, for example—are being more humane and far-sighted in their treatment of veterans than the much richer and more populous United States.

In most communities, it appears that industry is, if possible, even less concerned with the special needs of veterans than the unions are. A New York City institution is quietly boasting that it plans to help the veterans by hiring 200 ex-servicemen as "junior executives" and retaining only the 100 best fitted at the end of a year. If this seems cruel, what is to be said of the fact that most large industries and businesses have no programs whatever for the hiring of veterans? There are honorable exceptions, but they are few. Nor can it be said that private business has stood aside to let veterans acquire any of the surplus property of which the government is now beginning to dispose. A plan "liberalizing" the sale of surplus property to veterans has just been announced, but it remains to be seen whether this will be something more than just another paper benefit.

The progressives may ignore, if they choose, the question of whether men who have served their country in uniform are entitled to special economic considerations in the name of patriotism. They cannot afford to ignore the fact that the fate of a generation is at stake and that the setting-up of a wide and socially constructive system of benefits is of the deepest significance to the future of the democratic philosophy. The benefits for veterans which exist on paper—but not in actuality—are in embryo the kind of benefits that a rational state might well consider for all its citizens—certainly for all its youth. To assure veterans adequate employment counseling, free vocational training or higher education, adequate public-health services and the opportunity to acquire a home, farm or small business at reasonable cost, is to engage in a social experiment which may well have the most widespread and heartening influence on national thinking. The pattern of the nation's future may be vastly altered and improved if this social experiment is enabled to succeed. If it fails, the consequences are not pretty to contemplate. At the moment the chances of success are not good, and there seems to be not even an elementary understanding of the great stakes involved.

UNRRA—Or Nothing

THE SUCCESS of world organization is in jeopardy today because the United States is behind with its bills. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration does not have sufficient funds to go forward with its relief program for the coming winter, primarily because the United States still has paid little more than half the amount we pledged as our contribution to UNRRA's support this year.

President Truman has told Congress that relief machinery will break down very shortly unless it appropriates the remaining $550 million we promised to pay in 1945. The UNRRA Council has requested that every uninvaded United Nation again agree to contribute one percent of its national income to UNRRA next year. Neither request has aroused any enthusiasm in Congress. On the contrary, the pettifoggery of the old-time isolationists and Russophobes seems to be confusing many who should know better.

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The origin and significance of UNRRA seem largely forgotten.

It was the United States that took the initiative in forming an international relief organization in 1943. Our officials saw the gigantic welfare problem that would emerge from the ruins of war and remembered the tragic blunders that had been committed by the strictly American Hoover relief organization after the last war. Forty-six other nations followed our lead in joining together officially to administer a coöperative program, and agreed that uninvaded countries should pay one percent of their national income toward the cost. The United States share on this basis came to $1,350 million—less than the cost of ten days of warfare, or about what the country spends on alcoholic-beverage taxes in a year. Ours was naturally the largest share, but a big majority of Congress voted to authorize it for many strong reasons, which are even more compelling today.

The United States was and is conscious of the extreme need facing the half-billion people who will be affected by UNRRA operations, millions of whom have lived for years now on less than the calories we have considered necessary to keep alive, without clothing—which was systematically confiscated by the Germans—or medicine, or soap. As recently as April, 1945, a Gallup poll showed 65 percent of Americans were willing to have shortages and rationing continue another year if necessary to help the liberated countries out of these straits.

Purely from self-interest, the United States stands to gain from UNRRA. Hundreds of thousands of jobs here depend on the ability of foreign customers to buy, and their buying power depends on how good a job UNRRA does in getting them back on their feet. In addition, 90 percent of the relief money contributed by us is to be spent in this country, and these orders will help carry many industries through the rough days of reconversion. Furthermore, our national honor is involved in the case of those underground organizations which, relying on our promise to help restore them, destroyed their countries' resources in their efforts to drive out the enemy.

In the two years of UNRRA's operation, these reasons have held good, and there are now others to support them. Meanwhile UNRRA has acted, and therefore has erred. There is a bloc in Congress which contends that the errors have been so grave that the United States should withdraw from the organization. Most of these critics, however, are Middle Western isolationists-before-Pearl Harbor who opposed UNRRA in the first place: for example, Representatives Andresen, Hoffman, Jonkman, Woodruff, Brown, and Senators Wheeler and Wherry. Their emotional position is under increasing attack from their constituents, who know that the bulk of UNRRA purchases from this country are scheduled to be wheat and dairy products and that their own states of Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Michigan and Wisconsin stand to benefit most.

But regardless of who the critics are, many of the criticisms of UNRRA are true. There has been inefficiency and waste, overlapping and delay. But these are present in all governmental operations, and international government is still so new that there is no international bureaucracy as yet to protect it from full view all the time. It may be that there is even more than the average amount of error coming out of UNRRA. And that, too, is not surprising from a new kind of government. Ex-Governor Herbert Lehman, Director General of UNRRA, has turned out to be a soft, indecisive administrator. He has not buttressed himself with the competent, dedicated kind of staff required for his task. This, it is charged, has made it possible for the reactionary British Foreign Office and Colonial Ministry to take over UNRRA for various political sorties, particularly those into the Balkans. General Donovan, chief of our Office of Strategic Services, has recently privately protested to the President that British intelligence officers have been smuggled into UNRRA in Greece and are determining policy there. Nevertheless, food, medicines and other relief goods must be sent to Europe in large quantities; UNRRA will distribute them, and no other organization can do so in time.

UNRRA is ripe for many improvements, but it is clear that the solution lies in positive, not negative, action. "Relief operations which depend on American wealth," Representative Noah Mason (R., Ill.) says, "should be American in inception, American in control, and American in operation." On the contrary, American self-interest really demands that we immediately fulfill our commitments to UNRRA and throw our full weight into making that organization a complete success.

UNRRA *must* be a success if real international cooperation is to have a chance. Relief and rehabilitation is the field of most complete agreement among the Allies, and UNRRA is the first real experiment in world coöperation this war has produced. If it should fail, the whole idea of world government would receive an enormous setback. And more immediately, failure would destroy the possibility of getting any tonnage at all into Europe this coming winter.

Unless Congress acts now to appropriate our share of the money needed to run UNRRA, the supply pipeline to hungry Europe will dry up before Christmas. And it is we who will be responsible for the deaths of unknown patriots as well as for the death of the newborn world organization.

Hard Facts About Germany

It might be an easy way out of a dangerous dilemma if the victors could, as Secretary Morgenthau suggests, deprive Germany of all industrial basis for possible

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military adventures. Nevertheless, those who are responsible for administering Germany are checked by stubborn facts. An Associated Press dispatch recently revealed that a four-power committee has reached the agreement that Germany must be allowed to export a considerable quantity of manufactures in order to sustain a minimum standard of living. Necessary food consumption of the nation is estimated at 10 percent less than in the years 1935-38. It can produce, however, only about two-thirds of the essential food. Within six years, the required imports of food and other absolute necessities will have a value of three billion marks. In order to buy these imports, an equivalent value of goods must be exported. This would bring German exports up to about 72 percent of the 1938 volume.

How a de-industrialized Germany could produce the necessary exports is a question which may be left to the speculations of Mr. Morgenthau. The Allies are apparently planning to allow the Germans to produce the exported goods in their factories. This can be done, of course, without any rehabilitation of strictly war industries, but some other means to prevent future war must be found than to deny a modern nation all industry on which a war economy might be based.

Science and Prejudice

Dr. Irving Langmuir, one of the nation's leading scientists, in testimony before a Senate subcommittee, has confirmed the statement recently made in the *New Republic* that other nations will be able to construct an atomic bomb within a few years and that there is no possibility of keeping the secret long. He represents overwhelming scientific opinion on the matter in calling for international control of atomic energy. These statements at first sight seem strangely in contrast with that of President Truman, headlined by the newspapers, to the effect that the United States will not share the bomb secret. Inspection of the text of Mr. Truman's interview reveals, however, that he does intend to consult with the other participants in the "secret," Great Britain and Canada, on the project of turning over responsibility for policing and outlawing the use of this weapon to the world security organization.

Dr. Langmuir made his remarks on the atomic bomb in the course of advocating the use of governmental funds for scientific research. In his own field, his competence is unquestioned and his advice is good. Unfortunately, however, he went astray into political and economic policy, concerning which his ideas seem to be confused. He praised the capitalist system and our patent laws on the ground that they provide incentive, and continued by commending the system of Soviet Russia for the same reason. We have, he says, been adopting the worst features of communism, whereas the Communists have been adopting the best features of capitalism. He approves the Russian practices of wide differentials in pay, elimination of unemployment, suppression of strikes and encouragement of science. He believes that American anti-trust laws, progressive income taxes, social security, labor unions and other institutions are damaging to incentive. One is left to ponder how a capitalist system could survive and even attempt to abolish unemployment without provisions of this kind to moderate its inequalities.

A Broader View of Science

Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard, another eminent witness who testified before the Senate committee, constituted an excellent spokesman for the many scientists who have a broad and constructive attitude toward social problems. Like the others who spoke, he favored government aid to research. He emphasized, not its military aspect, but the need for it in peace. The aid should be given, he urged, not merely in centralized and large-scale projects, but throughout the nation, wherever "the good men are." Smaller institutions should be enabled to keep their scientists and let them work free from routine. The social studies as well as the natural sciences should be encouraged, "because it is clear that we know as yet far too little about human behavior, individually and in groups." The scientific spirit would, he urged, make necessary the sharing of all discoveries, nationally and internationally. Obviously Dr. Shapley would disagree with the opinion that government research should support private patents.

As if to emphasize the view that scientists are concerned with public problems, those who worked on the atomic bomb in California issued a statement a day or two later which contained the same conclusions already set forth in our editorial, "The Bomb Is No Secret" (the *New Republic*, October 8). International control, they maintained, is our only hope for existence. Incidentally, they scotched recent rumors that the Navy—or anyone else—has or can have an adequate defense against the atomic bomb.

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Britain's Political Scene

As editor of the London Tribune, *Raymond Postgate has had not a little influence in the Labor Party; and he is, moreover, a distinguished historian of the labor movement in general. Recently a French Socialist, with the coming French elections in mind, asked him for his impressions of the Labor victory. Postgate was kind enough to send me a copy of his answer, which I am forwarding in turn to the* New Republic. *It is the best short statement I have seen anywhere of the political atmosphere in Britain, from the Labor point of view.* – MALCOLM COWLEY

I HAVE been asked by a French comrade to explain the present position of the British Labor movement and the probable course of the government's policy. In his letter he mentions divisions among Socialists, Syndicalists and Communists, and other considerations which sound to me like an earlier civilization. I doubt if it would be possible to make our present position intelligible without trying first to describe the changes in the movement since 1939.

Class Organization. – Nothing comparable to the developments of the last war has occurred. Then, the workers early began to suspect the motives of the government and its war aims. Revolutionary views spread; so did pacifism. Great efforts were made to improve trade-union structure in the hope of using the unions to change society. The Russian Revolution was an inspiration. But in this war organized workers were occupied fighting and working in war industries; they had neither time nor wish to reconstruct their movement. In 1942 the existing miners' unions (already federated) were united in one union, after 50 years' agitation; and that is the only structural change that has taken place.

Russia and Communism. – Here the position is different from that on the Continent. The Red Army is greatly respected and admired because it killed many Nazis. There is a much more critical attitude toward Russia than in 1939. Russia is used as a convenient argument against the elderly Tory who says "Socialism will not work," but the vociferousness of the local Communists has undone them.

Until 1939 everyone, even those who took the severest view of the trials, assumed that the Communists were the most unquestioned enemies of Nazism. But the attitude of the Communists in 1940 and 1941 did them more damage here, probably, than anywhere else. They operated what they thought was Stalin's policy without any of his possible reservations. During the winter of 1940-41 there were 96 Nazi air raids on London alone, and everyone had time to think over the behavior of those "anti-fascists" who seemed to be collaborating with the Luftwaffe above.

In other countries this collaborationist period was forgiven because of the part which the Communists took in the Resistance. But here they had no chance to redeem themselves. All they did was to hold meetings at which the same people who a few weeks before had been calling for peace demanded "a Second Front in 1942." Morrison decided before the election that any assistance from the Communist Party would not be an asset in the view of the English people, and converted the Labor Party to that view. The election results showed he was right. Only two Communists were returned. One was Gallacher, the sitting MP for Fife, who has long been in the House and is liked by all: he is nearly as much a British institution as the House of Lords. The other, Piratin, defeated a weak Labor candidate in an area of the East End which was so badly bombed that there were hardly any inhabitants in it. The poll was roughly one-eighth of what it had been at the last election.

Patriotism. – This word has come back into its own —or at least, did for a time during the war. In the days of John Wilkes or the French Revolution, it meant the intention and duty of the common people to take over the defense and running of their country themselves, replacing a governing class that had shown itself incompetent or treacherous. A similar feeling took hold of the British during the war. They considered it proved by the course of the war in Norway, in France and in the Far East, that the British governing class was incompetent; the prewar negotiations with Hitler showed it only little better than treacherous.

This change has had two effects, one very good. This one is that it has given British workers self-confidence. They feel that they defeated Hitler when the governing class failed; their leaders alone were able to save the state and their energies in the workshop and the services were essential. They are as confident as the French bourgeoisie in 1789, and for the same reasons. They will not allow their leaders to fail, for they no longer *expect* defeat. This is important, though hard to explain. Until now British Labor has been a minority movement in spirit as well as fact. It was easy (and justifiable) to expose the "treachery" of MacDonald before the war; but in strict fairness one should have added that none of his followers expected him to achieve socialism. They were divided between those who expected treachery and those who expected early defeat. The best they hoped for was some propaganda. Now they are calculating that if the first five years' achievement is good, the Labor movement will certainly win at the next election, and that there is a high probability of 15 years' Socialist rule; and so on.

The less good effect is that internationalist sentiment

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toward the Germans is small. The war years were long and evidences of any anti-Nazism in Germany scanty. Films and photographs of Belsen, Buchenwald and other camps have shocked the British deeply. Perhaps there will come a change, and even now "Vansittartism" is rare; but at present I would say that most thoughtful workers believe that Germans have been so distorted by Nazism that they are barbarians and must be so treated. By this I do not mean that they should be starved and tortured; but that they should be supervised and deprived of dangerous weapons.

Political Education. – The election surprised everyone, including me. Being cautious by nature, I refused to prophesy more than "at least 100 Labor gains," but privately I expected Churchill to have a small majority. So did everyone else. The people were more advanced than their leaders. This was due to two things: first, the political education involved in the change of mind mentioned above. This was based on years of agitation before the war, which at the time seemed hopeless and leading nowhere; nothing would unseat Chamberlain and Daladier. But the books and papers were being read and absorbed; also, one must remember that for the first time in British history a properly educated working class has grown up. The second factor was the change in the women. Not only are the women voters for the first time those who have learned to take their own freedom and the equality of the sexes for granted, but during the war they have been roughly educated in the facts of life. The bombs killed women as easily as men; except that they were not allowed to join the Home Guard, they took a full share in civil defense, including the most dangerous work. Girls were conscripted into the armed forces (not to fight, it is true, though some worked on anti-aircraft guns). Even the least intelligent suburban wife was pulled out of her home and plumped down by force in a factory where she learned what wage-earning was like. As a result, the nation has a clear idea of what politics is about.

Program. – What will the government do? Nobody can prophesy for sure. I think the MP's as a whole are aware that they have an opportunity to alter the course of world history and that if they do not take it, Britain —and possibly the world—may be ruined. They intend to try, and have confidence that their leaders do, too. They will support them. But the leaders are too old, and in some cases will have to be replaced.

The main difficulty that the government will have is the knowledge of British weakness. The apparently enormous strength of Britain today, like France in 1919, is hollow. The state cannot keep up the giant navy, army and air force; England probably can never repeat 1940. Since Britain is too small to support her population, she cannot defy the rest of the capitalist world. The center of world power is Washington, not London. For this reason British foreign policy under Bevin, who I think is a good choice, will be very cautious. Its best line will be to act indirectly, by changing the personnel and policy of the Foreign Office, while continuing to act within the Potsdam agreements.

A great deal depends upon our French Comrades. If they coöperate, a European Socialist bloc (not under that name) could be formed and the future of the Continent assured. Italy, Spain and even Germany would be saved, and dictatorial tendencies in Eastern Europe modified. But if the current policy of Anglophobia succeeds, and if there is no French revival, then British power alone will be too small to stand up to America, and Britain will only follow an independent line to the extent that American capitalists allow.

London RAYMOND POSTGATE

The Drama in Temple

THE BEGINNING of war and the end of war meet in Temple, Texas.

There is nothing about Temple to suggest that it is the stage for such an impressive ceremony. On a road map, Temple is a tiny dot, its name in tiny letters, halfway between San Antonio and the cities of Dallas and Fort Worth. In a car, you can pass through it in less than five minutes. Recently, I spent two days there.

Temple, though not quite a city, is more than a town. Its population is about 15,000. The buildings are box-shaped, low and irregular, not neat. The streets run slightly uphill and down and are wider than in the business sections of most cities. The sidewalks are built several feet higher than the gutter. The store windows are filled with items for the soldier trade: long, triangular, felt banners, stark photographs by the square yard, service ribbons and decorations, and khaki clothes.

During the day, the heavy sun oppresses the town. Your face crinkles to shut out some of the intense light, and your body becomes alive with rolling sweat.

This is a misleading backdrop for drama. There are none of the trappings of dignity: no Doric columns, no amphitheatres in cool green countryside, no flowing robes; only a badly painted drugstore overcrowded with bargain merchandise, a corner lot inhabited by dilapidated buses, and wrinkled, misfitting khaki uniforms. The drama is carried on without words; there is no chorus as in a Greek tragedy, marching around in a circle, chanting out the meaning of what you see. Perhaps it is that everyone is a participant to some degree, or that the drama is plain and clear and understood by our bones.

The principals come from two places. Camp Hood, an infantry replacement training center, is 35 miles away. McCloskey General Hospital, which treats amputation cases, is in the city. It is easy to tell the soldiers from the two establishments apart.

The infantry trainees look young. They wear their shirts closed to the top, ties on, sleeves down and but-

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toned, caps tilted according to rule. Curiously, they seem unaffected by the heat. They salute all officers. They're not relaxed; they don't loiter. They walk quickly and quietly, as if they were going somewhere.

It is their faces, however, which give them away conclusively. On them, there is awe, self-consciousness, trouble, and the recruit's omnipresent expectancy of a correction, a duty assignment, a reprimand, a shipping order, some personal disaster. The beginning of war.

The men from McCloskey General are the end of the war: the boys with the crutches and empty trouser legs, with the awkward deliberate step of an artificial limb, with flat, pinned-up sleeves.

These men wear no ties, often no hats, and leave their collars open. Where there are sleeves with a function, these are rolled over the elbow. The heat makes their shirts dark with sweat; the wet skin of their open necks shines. They hobble around aimlessly, hang around corners and in drinking places and restaurants, ride the ancient small buses, sit on the occasional benches scattered about the city. They don't salute.

Some can't salute, of course, but not even the able ones do. They just don't look at whole soldiers. I was walking with a friend when he recognized a civilian lady he knows. She had a baby in her arms and was sitting among a group of three soldiers, each of whom had lost a leg. As we came up, the soldiers had the usual smiles of persons playing with babies. When we stopped, their faces blanked, their heads turned and they looked intently away somewhere.

Once, in the city bus, I rode next to a hatless, good-looking boy whose right leg stump was propped on a railing in front of him. He looked straight ahead or out of the window, aimlessly, or at the civilians (whose neutral faces are strained with somberness), but never at any of the soldiers in the bus or on the street who had all their limbs.

While I was in town, there was a miniature army parade along the main street to publicize the bond-rally show, Here's Your Infantry. Heading the parade was a band of white-helmeted soldier musicians, led by a strutting, fancy, smiling staff sergeant. I stopped at a corner to watch. The sergeant, looking this way and that, threw a big genial grin and nodded to a soldier near me who was leaning against a post, his half-leg resting on the cross bar of his crutch. The boy with the crutch looked quickly away at the trucks bringing up the rear of the parade, his face empty. When the machine guns in the trucks opened fire with blank bullets, he turned his head to follow them. His face was still set, carefully free of feeling.

A blonde boy of about 18, dressed tightly and correctly, looking healthy and strong, wearing the insignia of the infantry-training camp, hurried by, not looking at the parade, ignoring the machine guns.

The essence of drama is conflict. The conflict of this drama is static, stopped, not resolving itself, but pervasively present. The stage is split down the center by war. A pile of limbs is here, belonging to the men expressionless on one side. On the other side are whole men who await the crossing of the stage. These men don't look sideways; they blind themselves by looking straight ahead. This is the drama which is waging in Temple, Texas.

MORRIS FREEDMAN

German Industry and Europe's Trade

Mr. Morgenthau's Panacea: III

IF ECONOMIC POLICY is subordinated to considerations of political expediency, the outcome is, more often than not, economic chaos. This has been the experience of the entire world in the inter-war period when political nationalism gradually found its economic equivalent in high protective or preferential tariffs, import and export quotas, closed trade and currency areas and other restrictive practices. In the particular case of Germany under Nazism, foreign trade became an instrument for war preparation and, consequently, fell under the complete control of heavy industry. Moreover, her foreign trade was increasingly directed toward countries like the Balkans, with which close commercial relations were most advisable in case of war.

But foreign trade is not *ipso facto* an instrument of aggression. On the contrary, a vigorous trade-expansion program, if legitimate trade practices are followed, is usually beneficial to both sides. It is strange, therefore, that former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr., in his plan for Germany,[1] should advocate a trade program for that country which has all the earmarks of political rather than economic thinking. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. Because Mr. Morgenthau proposes, for the political purpose of liquidating Germany's war potential, her de-industrialization and transformation into a mainly self-sufficient agricultural nation, he necessarily has to outline also a program which would eliminate Germany from international trade.

The policy of de-industrializing Germany and transplanting her factories elsewhere, Mr. Morgenthau argues, "would also help balance Europe better industrially so that the Continent need never again be over-

[1] Germany Is Our Problem—A Plan for Germany, by Henry Morgenthau Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 239 pages. $2. Also see the *New Republic* of October 8 and 15.

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shadowed by the machine power of a single nation. . . . Once set free from German chains, European industry in general will soon far more than replace the production taken from the Reich." As in his appraisal of Germany's industrial and agricultural problems, there is an element of truth in Mr. Morgenthau's diagnosis of German trade. But the remedy he proposes is not economically sound. In order to take the sting out of the continued existence of German industry, it is not necessary to de-industrialize Germany. Rather, the alternative is to speed the industrialization of the other countries. This is not dependent, as Mr. Morgenthau implies, on the destruction of German heavy industry. Industrial production in Germany and the industrialization of backward European countries can go hand in hand.

As Mr. Morgenthau himself admits, "Germany never did supply Europe with very much iron and steel, metallurgical products, chemicals or electrical equipment—the chief items to be forbidden her." And he is perfectly right in saying that Europe's needs for these products could readily be supplied by other nations. But he actually contradicts his own premises when he says that "under any kind of fair competition, Germany would be lucky after the war, even if her factories could be rebuilt and reconverted quickly, to reach much more than half her prewar exports of the products of heavy industries." If this is so, one may ask, why de-industrialize Germany in the first place?

The notion, Mr. Morgenthau continues, "that German heavy industry is indispensable to the well-being of Europe, is a myth sedulously nurtured by German propaganda over many years." It is equally true, however, though not mentioned by Mr. Morgenthau, that the margin of what Germany may legitimately export in heavy industrial products might make the difference between creating a slum area in the center of Europe, with depressing effects on other countries, and a higher degree of prosperity for the whole continent, including Germany. This has now been recognized in a report by the economic advisers attached to American Military Government and headed by Dr. Calvin Hoover of Duke University. The report states that Germany must have an export trade just about equal in value to that before the war if a "minimum" standard of living is to be maintained and the cost of Allied occupation is to be met. Otherwise her annual trade deficit will be 161 million marks. In order to balance Germany's imports and exports as well as pay or amortize occupation costs, the American economists recommend annual exports of coal amounting to 410 million marks; machinery, 408 million marks; chemical products, 420 million marks; and precision or optical instruments, 138 million marks. These items would represent slightly less than 50 percent of Germany's total foreign trade. The industries producing these goods are obviously on the borderline of war industries. If they were completely destroyed, Germany would have to increase the output of other industries as compensation. However, the economists hold that this is impossible because there is a world-market limitation on the expansion of such harmless products as ceramics and textiles.

Mr. Morgenthau realizes, of course, that "the loss of heavy industry would decrease German imports of agricultural products . . ." and he concedes that "even if Germany is permitted to keep heavy industry, she could not produce foreign exchange to buy this food without help. The Allies would have to give up reparations and actually help grant Germany a priority for machinery and materials for her export industries. . . ." Whether Germany would have to get *priority* is an open question, more symbolic than real. But even if Mr. Morgenthau's alternative to industrialism in Germany—the country's transformation into one of small farmers cultivating low-cost, high-nutrition crops—were feasible, it would still require, as was pointed out in a previous article, the importation of more foodstuffs, especially cereals, than were absorbed before the war.

Many European countries, Mr. Morgenthau acknowledges, relied on Germany for a very large part of their exports, both of food and other materials. If his figures are correct, her big suppliers in 1937 were Denmark, to the extent of $50 million, the Netherlands, Italy and Rumania, with more than $40 million each, and Yugoslavia and Hungary, about $35 million each. They accounted for about two-thirds of Germany's agricultural imports from Europe. Forty-three percent of Bulgaria's total exports, 35 percent of Turkey's and 31 percent of Greece's went to Germany. All of these countries except, perhaps, Denmark and the Netherlands, Mr. Morgenthau says, "need food for their own people far more than they need exports. . . . A very few industries in these countries would enable them to absorb locally all they sold to Germany." But then, in order to protect himself against the charge of static thinking, Mr. Morgenthau continues: "A few more industries in other neighboring countries would enable them to expand their exports over the 1937 figure."

Mr. Morgenthau is obviously interested in minimizing, for political reasons, the importance of Germany as a trading partner of the other European nations. He is justified, of course, in saying that her strong position in European trade under the Nazi regime "was achieved by the lavish use of those trade practices which the world hopes to abolish in the interest of peace and prosperity." And he is on the right path if he demands the abolition of subsidies, clearing arrangements, multiple-currency maneuvers and foreign-exchange discrimination. But even without these practices Germany was, and may again be, an important factor in European trade. Her strong posi-

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tion was not solely the result of Hitler's economic imperialism.

According to Dr. Antonin Basch, one of the best qualified students of Europe's trade problems,[1] Germany accounted for 24.5 percent of Europe's total imports in 1928, for 20 percent in 1935, and for 23.9 percent in 1938. Her share of total exports was 25.1 percent in 1928, 24 percent in 1935, and 26.1 percent in 1938. In other words, her trading role was not radically changed by the advent of the Nazi regime. Germany's economic activity, Dr. Basch says,

> had repercussions in all European countries: a high level of employment in Germany spread to the rest of the Continent. Conversely, depression in Germany has always aggravated the economic troubles of all Europe. Such interrelation was natural and logical, especially before the rise of the Nazi regime; that is, as long as commercial relations between Germany and the Continent were on a more or less normal basis. It can perhaps be said that for a great number of European countries the importance of high business activity in Germany was in normal times similar to the reaction in a large part of the world to a high level of employment in the United States.

In 1938 Germany disposed of 62 percent of her exports within continental Europe, and imported from it nearly half of her total imports (as against 43 percent 10 years before). In 1928 Germany accounted for about a third of Europe's net imports from other continents. Moreover, Germany's surplus balance with industrial Europe (including Great Britain) declined from $550 million in 1928 to only $235 million in 1938. Before World War II about two-fifths of German imports consisted of foodstuffs and fodder; about 45 percent of raw materials and semi-manufactured goods. German exports went primarily to the industrial and highly developed countries of Western and Central Europe. Iron and steel products, tools, cutlery, machinery of all kinds, vehicles, represented about 45 percent of the total; chemical and pharmaceutical products, 15 percent; textiles, nearly 10 percent; coal and coke, nearly 10 percent; paper, 3 percent; glass and china, 3 percent; instruments and watches, 10 percent. Dr. Basch concludes:

> This diversification, aided by a relatively large domestic market, together with a great flexibility in adjusting to new requirements, added to the strong competitive position of German products.
>
> The importance of this trade to the European countries is clearly seen from the fact that it absorbed more than 10 percent of the total trade of each country except France. . . .
>
> The war has obviously changed much of the structure of the German trade with the rest of Europe; *yet it has not changed all fundamental conditions which had favored the development of this trade,* such as central geographical position, good communications, technical efficiency and flexibility, and knowledge of the local markets. (Italics mine. – H. E.)

This evaluation of Germany's place in the European economy convincingly contradicts Mr. Morgenthau's statement that "the end of heavy industry in Germany will permit transfer of factories to the very places where they would have been located in the first place if access to raw materials, markets, labor and power had been really decisive factors in European development." Mr. Morgenthau's conspiracy theory simply does not hold. The facts show that increasing German purchasing power and her need of imports are of advantage to most other countries. German prosperity benefits all of Europe.

The war has diminished Germany's economic importance. She has no foreign exchange and cannot be a strong buyer of foreign products. In the first postwar years, of course, because of the hatred of Germany engendered by Nazi crimes and brutality, the peoples of Europe will not be eager to trade with Germany or buy German goods. Furthermore, European producers of agricultural and industrial products will have no trouble finding markets in these years. And the big Allied powers will help, to some degree at least, the countries most directly affected by the collapse of Germany. Undoubtedly, Great Britain and the United States can replace all the products which Germany previously supplied. But foreign trade is two-way traffic. Will the countries which take Germany's place in supplying goods also take her place in buying them? For Germany's imports and exports were closely interrelated. Even if Germany's former trading partners are industrialized and able to consume more of their own agricultural products, they still will have to export large amounts of staples. Industrialization is a long-range proposition, and it will be difficult for these countries to find permanent markets for their surplus crops.

From the point of view of the European economy, then, if for no other reason, the de-industrialization scheme for Germany advocated by Mr. Morgenthau would have disastrous consequences. In the long run, Germany's economic position in Europe cannot be glossed over. Conversion of Germany's industry from war to peace production must therefore have as its objective the reintegration of Germany into the European and world economy. Naturally, Germany's extreme nationalism must be purged and democracy firmly established. But neither of these goals can be attained if the German people are deprived of their livelihood.

HEINZ EULAU

This is the third of a series of articles on Germany's economic future. The last, on reparations, will appear in an early issue. – THE EDITORS

[1] **A Price for Peace—The New Europe and World Markets, by Antonin Basch. New York: The Columbia University Press. 209 pages. $2.50. This excellent book was unfortunately not reviewed in the *New Republic* at the time of publication. It is highly recommended to all readers who wish to gain a thorough knowledge of European commerce.**

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Verga Reconsidered

THE CASE of Giovanni Verga (1840-1922) is doubly a curious one. Certainly the greatest Italian novelist since Manzoni, and, I think, a better one than the author of *I Promessi Sposi*, he is little read in his own country, while abroad he is known as the librettist of the mediocre opera "Cavalleria Rusticana." Yet his two finest books have been translated into English, the one, *I Malavoglia*, very badly, and the other, *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, excellently (by D. H. Lawrence).

And the case is stranger when one considers that the latter book, far superior to the average French or Italian product of the realist school to which the mature Verga belonged, well serves the purposes of that constructive literary criticism through which so many are today attempting to discover their world of values. We are tired of the realist novel. No one reads the *Rougon-Macquart* series of Zola, and few of us can get beyond *Germinie Lacerteux* of the Goncourt brothers. Flaubert is different, of course, not merely because of his superb style, but because he alternated between two schools. As Émile Faguet has written of Flaubert, "There was in him the romantic who found reality insipid and the realist who found romanticism empty." *Madame Bovary* was followed by *Salammbô*, the realist *Education Sentimentale* preceded the *Tentation de Saint Antoine*. In his last book, the *Trois Contes*, "Un Cœur Simple" contains the world of "reality" and the fantastic world of "Hérodias." The comparison of Verga with Flaubert is valid, and not only because the great Sicilian as much surpassed the rest of his school as Flaubert outranked Zola.

As a living, creating man, Flaubert found his solution in that double exercise of his mind. Verga found no such solution. The Frenchman's temperament was kept out of the text of his work, and yet was not thwarted, because of that solution. The Sicilian's, denied its full satisfaction by his exclusive devotion to realism, finally invaded his novels and paralyzed him. That, I believe, is the key to an understanding of his extraordinary career. His realist esthetic and his powerful and disturbed spirit were at war. Unable to fashion his conflicts into plots and so to project them, as such a modern as Forster does, and forbidden to travel two paths, in the manner of Flaubert, he could find no other solution.

It was not his pessimism, nor yet the blackness and soullessness of the semi-feudal society of Sicily at the beginning of the last century, which silenced Verga. Sicilian life, as the two great Sicilian novels report it, is certainly not more pervaded by materialism and hatred than the life of Bordeaux as the Catholic pessimist François Mauriac sees it in such superb novels as *Genitrix*, *Thérèse Desqueyroux* and *Le Nœud de Vipères*. But the contemporary Frenchman, as powerful and tormented a personality as Verga, analyzes his matter through the medium of a profoundly intellectual catholicism, and so can sustain burdens that surely would otherwise crush him.

Verga, who was not a Catholic, should have been a socialist. As one of the best of Italian critics, Turati, the future leader of Italian socialism, said of him, "Whether the author is aware of it or not, his art is the subdued trembling of pariahs, it is the sacred art of the Revolution." It may have been sacred, but it was not consecrated. Unconsciously he longed for the brotherhood of man as deeply as Mauriac does for purity, but he found no faith through which he could believe his goal might be reached. He succumbed therefore, frustrated by untranscended rancors within himself.

Consider his life. Born in 1840, Verga died in 1922, in our time. His first work, *Una Peccatrice*, appeared in 1866, while his last and greatest, *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, was published in 1888. He began another work, *The Duchess of Leyra*, which was to have been the third in the series of *The Defeated*, but never finished it, and for the last 34 years of his life remained silent. How unlike that other mighty octogenarian Verdi, who composed the superb "Otello" at 74 and at 80 produced the delightful "Falstaff"; that anticlerical Verdi who became a senator of the new Italy and was for a while a rallying figure of the Risorgimento.

Verga's work and productive life fall into two parts. A fine-edged criticism will show that these periods do indeed overlap, yet on the whole they are as clear and separate as if they were manifestations of two very different men. As a young man he left Sicily and joined the flagrant and rather decadent bohemia of Milan. There his life and his art were one; his amours with women of the aristocratic intelligentsia were projected in the more popular novels of erotic adventure: *Eva* and *Tigre Reale*. They are full of false psychology and rhetoric, and they betray disgust and the violent resentment of futility. Through them all one detects the unspoken protest of the author against his own violation of his dignity.

Then came a sudden change. *Nedda*, a *nouvelle* in the realistic manner, appeared in 1874, three years before Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple," with which it may be compared. Straightway Verga returned to Sicily, clearly as an act of revolt against the hysterical corruption of the Milanese bohemia and, though *Eros* was to appear in 1875, his work from that time forward almost entirely abandons the erotic and romantic field.

The collections of stories, *Vita dei Campi* (1880), *Novelle Rusticane* (1883), and *Vagabondaggio* (1887),

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were much admired by D. H. Lawrence, who describes them in glowing words. "They open out another world at once, the Southern, sun-beaten island whose every outline is like pure memory." I find them brilliant in color; powerful and sincere, but in the bulk monotonous. In the same period Verga planned his cycle of *The Defeated*, to which the two great novels *I Malavoglia* and *Mastro-Don Gesualdo* belong.

Of all this work, with the exception of *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, Lawrence complained that it was too full of pity for the tragic fate of the humble poor. Lawrence's objection to what he called the "stunt" of pity, was due, one may believe, not only to his resentment at being pitied, but to an unconfessed hatred of any system of beliefs that might concede a heroic role to the "humble poor." For the obverse of pity is the recognition of potential heroism. In his single insight into Verga, the English novelist says that his peasant-artisan *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, whose entire life is told in the novel of that name, has heroic qualities, but no consciousness of being heroic. There one may see an unconscious admission of the necessity of cause, which Verga lacked. Lawrence, feeling himself a hero, could at the end devise nothing better than the puerile mysticism of *The Plumed Serpent*, surely the most degraded novel in contemporary English literature. Of Gesualdo he says the tremendous Sicilian peasant needed "the bright objective gods" of the ancient Mediterranean world. A strange and erratic admission from the propagandist of the blood-reeking Huitzitopochtli of Mexico!

What Verga needed one may discover by two routes. One might, for example, examine the history of verismo. In a certain sense it is natural to Italy, though the furore of the Italian 1880's was provoked by French influence. One may make two further remarks. The two principal doctrines of realism, its expulsion of the author from his text and its "objectivity" or concentration upon the invariably "sordid" aspects of life, corresponded in some measure to the actual state of literature and society. The "cape and sword" novel was a projection of fantasy, against a fictitious screen of society. In place of this the realists, because at bottom they recognized no moral absolutes, because as artists they believed in no religions or causes, could only substitute what they insisted was a "scientific" description of reality. What they recorded was as much a perversion of reality as the idyllic or the romantic projection.

The point about Verga's realism is, however, that his esthetic involved much less misrepresentation of Sicilian social reality than the same esthetic did in France. The condition of Sicily was indeed very much as he described it. Inexpressibly narrow religious prejudices governed the spirit, or left it nurtureless. The consequence of universal poverty was a predominance of the materialist motive and a necessary surrender to the compulsions of animalism.

Or one might consider Verga's conception of human dignity. Far too much has been made of the material preoccupations of *I Malavoglia*. That novel tells the story of a Sicilian fishing family, from the fatal loss of a cargo to the final break-up and defeat of them all. It is very easy to say that the grimness is exaggerated; what is more important to notice is that throughout the emphasis is on the dignity of 'Ntoni, the principal character. He struggles to preserve his family's house, he strives to get out of debt, for honor's sake, as well as for the sake of gain, and his effort to maintain the will to live in his family is magnificent. He is defeated by the materialist world, everywhere aided by church and state.

Mastro-Don Gesualdo, a superb biography of a peasant-artisan who becomes a man of wealth and power and eventually marries his daughter, the only creature he loves, to the decadent and equally materialist Duke of Leyra, is a departure from the strict doctrine of realism. The tension of the novel, from the first scene of the fire in the house of the aristocratic and striving Traos, is far removed from the realist tenor. Its fierce unrelenting energy, the sheer brilliance of its colloquial style, its ever changing scenes, which are painted with masterly economy, are all penetrated with Verga's own intense sympathy for his hero. Gesualdo Motta himself has no conception of his heroism. Verga is fully aware of his lack and, forbidden to give him a sense of ultimate values, nevertheless pours all that he can of true passion into the man. Verga, in other words, strives to make a hero of his titanic primitive. From the standpoint of psychology we may say that Verga associates himself with Gesualdo, feels his hates and loves, and bitterly resents his end, abandoned to the neglect of servants in the macabre house of Leyra. Throughout the work there is savage satire against the aristocracy into which Gesualdo had married.

So profoundly, if unconsciously, had Verga associated himself with Gesualdo Motta that when he came to write the third volume of *The Defeated* which was to study the life of Motta's daughter, the Duchess of Leyra, he was unable to finish it. The conventional explanation is that he had no sympathy for the aristocracy. A truer one is to say that he had too great a hatred for them. Energy and will reside in the other classes, the upper rank rely upon clannishness, cunning and sophisticated hypocrisy. Without a system of values Verga could not transcend the impossible dilemma; description and chronicle, however brilliant and however permeated with irony, was at last insufficient for him. It was more than a personal tragedy; it was a refutation of the doctrines of his school. And I think it might well be borne in mind at this time, when once again we are being encouraged to abandon all absolutes in our writing. Neither chronicle nor fantasy is more adequate to the creative life in a foundering world than it was to Verga in a stagnant one. RALPH BATES

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Washington Notes

Back to Normalcy

AMERICA has an alarming case of back-to-normalcy. It threatens isolationism abroad, inflation at home. With a yell and a holler, tremendous economic forces are pushing hell-bent for return to old-fashioned materialism. Postwar revulsion is whooped up by isolationist attacks on dead Roosevelt, seeking to create a new John T. Flynn-Pearl Harbor mythology that "he betrayed us into war." In this let-down, this cynicism, the victory won at the cost of a million American casualties is threatened.

Abroad, America's influence is endangered by breath-taking demilitarization. It is what America's allies feared. The burning issue on all congressmen's desks today is "get the boys out of uniform." Americans traditionally dislike standing armies; after World War I they fell for Gerald Nye's anti-Wilson thesis, that the struggle was just an armaments racket. Today, to give the Army its due, it is demobilizing faster than was originally promised. Nobody objects to demobilization; the trouble is that no clear-cut decision has been made on what postwar military establishment will take its place. General Marshall favors one-year universal training. But now that victory is won, will the United States maintain military strength adequate to back up its foreign policy? That involves sacrifice.

At home the situation is similar. Why do reactionaries like Senator Walter F. George suddenly urge big tax cuts, coupled with paradoxical appeals to balance the budget? Because they want governmental "economies"—in other words, a cutback on all the New Deal reforms that involve federal intervention in favor of the masses. On paper there is little argument for any tax cutback at all at this time. However, human nature being what it is, some sort of reduction is inevitable. But the demands for the really big cuts, to be allocated primarily to corporations, come from congressional conservatives. They beat their breasts over government "deficits," but what they really mean is deficits incurred for social welfare. They will use the deficit argument to fight reform. Here again it is a question of sacrifice. Social benefits require taxes, maybe high taxes. It would be nice to have an idealistic foreign policy without adequate military force and an altruistic domestic program without adequate finance, but it can't be done. The danger is that both experiments may be tried.

Early next month William Clayton, Assistant Secretary of State, will go before Congress with a program to loan $5 billion at nominal interest to Britain. The understanding here is that a complex compromise Anglo-American trade bargain has been nearly worked out. If this is so, Mr. Clayton's appearance to sell it to Congress will precipitate a historic postwar debate that will pretty well determine the degree to which the legislature, and America, will aid Allied reconstruction. Free-trader Clayton, a millionaire cotton-factor who, in selling American cotton abroad, learned to hate trade barriers, is one of the strongest figures now in the State Department, probably the best spokesman for congressional hearings it ever had. No New Dealer, he is a liberal and stanch internationalist in trade matters.

It was a historic little scene, when Representative May's Military Affairs Committee held their breathless one-day hearing, last week, on what to do about the atom. There was a touch of high comedy in the drama. The Representatives sat in a horseshoe, looking down like judges; the men of science sat in the well, as witnesses. The Representatives were uneasy, anxious and obviously didn't understand the scientific jargon. They looked like stuffy little men who had puffed up a mountain and were now forced to look down an abyss. Down there, they were told, was where the world had to climb, the Representatives leading the way. Some of the scientists seemed to take a wry satisfaction in upsetting the wincing politicians. Dr. Vannevar Bush, for example, casually remarked that somebody in an attic, experimenting with atomic power, "might sterilize all the passer-bys." Dr. Bush felt this would be a bad thing. Pompous Chairman May kept demanding speed. The prospect is, however, that Congress will want to do a little thinking on the subject.

Notes. – The Navy and the Marine Corps are exerting active lobby pressure on congressmen against a unified military service, which is favored by General Marshall. . . . Some twenty-five Chinese engineers are now working in Denver with John Lucian Savage, world-famous United States Reclamation Service chief designing engineer, blueprinting preliminary plans for harnessing the Yangtze River, at an ultimate cost of a billion dollars, in the world's greatest power-flood-navigation project. China doesn't know where the money will come from, but has got permission to use the Reclamation Service facilities for drawing plans and hopes to start part of the work soon. . . . Bob Sherwood's new play, "The Rugged Path," on try-out here, pits a courageous editor (Spencer Tracy) against a fascist business manager. Characters keep asking Tracy if he's going to resign and take a job on the *New Republic*. We just want Spencer to know he's free to write in this column any time. . . . More than half the members of the Senate have definitely said they will vote for HR 7, the federal anti-poll-tax bill; the question is whether a filibuster will give them the chance. Actually, most of them gave lip-service to the bill knowing full well that the Bilbos are not likely to permit cloture. . . . Truman's a "grand guy" among old pals, but the horseplay and barbershop jokes among his convivial friends on trips is a cause of concern to some observers. . . . The end of Pacific censorship permits corespondents to vent accumulated resentment against Brigadier General Le Grande A. Diller, MacArthur's public-relations officer. William McGaffin, Chicago *Daily News* reporter, calls his "the most unreasonable and dictatorial censorship I have experienced in any theatre in this war, not barring even Russia." . . . Well, this column heaved a sigh that Mrs. Truman didn't resign from the DAR as Mrs. Roosevelt did when they barred a Negro performer from the DAR Constitution Hall. What's the DAR for, if not to resign from?

Washington T. R. B.

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Suburban Badlands

THE STORY of Warner Brothers' movie, "Mildred Pierce," recounts the enormous and unrewarded sacrifices that a mother (Joan Crawford) makes for her spoiled, greedy daughter (Ann Blythe). The mother, whose husband (Bruce Bennett) has left her to live with another woman, starts baking cakes and pies for the neighbors, becomes a waitress in a tearoom, opens a drive-in-restaurant, marries a society gigolo for his name, and finally tries to get her business partner (Jack Carson) convicted for the murder committed by her daughter. It ends with the girl being led away to prison and the mother beginning a new, more beautiful existence with her first husband, who has just got work in an airplane factory and whose mistress has married someone else.

So far as the conflict between mother and daughter is concerned, Joan Crawford usually makes the mother's actions credible and forceful, but the relationship between her and her daughter is generally on a trite plane, and it is too sketchy to make all the melodramatic sacrifice seem anything but silly. The origins and the real life of such a situation are practically left out, so that the only question the movie gives you a reason for asking is, Why is the mother such a fool? The daughter—due to Miss Blythe's immobility of face, the fact that she seems always about eighty years too young for what she is doing and that the director trusts her with as little to do as he would an untalented mouse—doesn't seem to be a human or logical part of the picture. Once or twice the mother and daughter are thrown together with some of the impact there ought to be all the way through, and at somewhat greater length than it takes to say "I bought you a car" and "Oh, Mother!" One of these scenes takes place during a good quarrel on a staircase, in which there are some brutal, majestic images by Miss Crawford of hatred, horror and especially a caved-in look of defeat.

The direction and writing, though, in "Mildred Pierce" are less interested in this relationship than they are in showing how lascivious, zealous to make money, untrustworthy, loveless and discontented its Americans are. There is hardly a moment when money is not being haggled over, borrowed, used as a club, waved like a flag, made the reason for marriage, stolen, slaved for or got through blackmail. The movie is full of expressions like "stinker," goes any lengths to show a man grabbing at a dress or ogling a woman's legs, and the most elevated person is considered to be Mildred, whose ignoble actions number only about a dozen. The lack of love, comfort or hope in her marriage is believably done; so is her working, which is hurried, hectic, unquestioning, and something that dominates her entire self; and in its best moments, like that near closing time at the restaurant, people seem dissatisfied, lost, degenerate, frustrated and tense. More often than not, though, the decadence and cynicism are mechanical and stereotyped, and except for Miss Crawford and Mr. Bennett, the acting as well as the characterization is lifeless and unsubtle. So that there is the strikingly unpleasant feeling that the producers were unaware of the extreme immorality of the characters, thought much of the action noble or virtuous, and as a result had nothing to offer either in power in the theme or in alternatives.

The production, mainly because of Michael Curtiz's direction, is unimaginative and badly hoked-up. The most pedestrian note is the way people are arranged for each scene as though at a first rehearsal, all squared off facing the audience. The main variations on this statically balanced arrangement are to show it behind a window or a screen or to have a mirror and its image somewhere in the shot. Most of the actors are the victims of atrocious casting. The only important, pleasant fact in the production is Miss Crawford's performance, which is so honest and good that she looks like everything she is supposed to look like: she is tremendously resolute and forceful, strongly set in the middle class, cold, hard and driven, and has, in addition to the fanaticism of her devotion to her daughter, a soft, lyrical love. Director Curtiz can produce scenes as phony as the one in the police room, in which an attempt to dramatize ordinary noises makes the unfolding of a newspaper sound like a decrepit garage door being opened; and shots as vulgar as the one of a seduction, which moves from an embrace to a mirrored wall, where there is the embrace again. No one else today, save possibly Victor Fleming, could direct a scene to rival dime-store art like the one at the end of this movie, in which Mildred leaves the police station, passes some charwomen arranged as though in a Millet painting, joins with her first husband in a movement suitable to a coronation, and then walks with him toward the outside world, which is composed and painted with dazzling cheapness.

MANNY FARBER

Old Bunk Opens in New York

THERE were plenty of free-lance photographers setting off flash bulbs and taking pictures from this, that and the other side of the stand, and from the top of the upright piano itself. But the metropolitan press didn't have a single music critic in the hall to cover New York's most important musical event of several decades—not even one lowly legman. Not a picture or a line appeared in the papers the next day to tell the world that on Friday, September 28, Bunk Johnson and his New Orleans Band had opened at the Stuyvesant Casino, down on Second Avenue near Ninth Street.

The obscurity enveloping the band's arrival is not to be wondered at, however. Only the luckiest fluke of jazz history brought Old Bunk and his six ripe men to town; it was as if, through some sort of black magic, a combo of anonymous twelfth-century troubadours was suddenly called to life again, plopped down in the heart of New York and told to do their stuff. Until quite recently, Jim Robinson, George Lewis and most of the others were unknown outside of New Orleans, although they had been playing jazz for forty years, on the average, and were in fact among the originators of the music. Old Bunk himself had put his horn behind him long ago and was working in the Louisiana rice fields. The very name of the man who "taught Louis Armstrong" was lost to jazz. The compilers of the hot discographies and the writers of the jazz books had never heard of Bunk.

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But thanks to the efforts of some white wonder-workers headed by William Russell and Eugene Williams, New York has a chance here and now to apprehend "jazz," or rather New Orleans music, at its purest—the New Orleans of the 1900's, the selfsame New Orleans people for years to come will be touting as the troubadour heritage of our time. This is the chance of only one lifetime, for after old Bunk and the few remaining jazzman of his generation are gone, there may never be anything like this music to latch onto again, except by way of phonograph records.

Bunk is a tall, lean man with ash-gray hair, a lively face and impetuous, awkward, boyish mannerisms. Get someone to introduce you and right off the bat he'll begin calling you by your first name and treating you like a long-lost friend. He's even finer as a personality than as a musician. I asked him how he got his nickname, "Bunk"—you may've heard that there was a time when jazz was known as "hokum" music, and hokum and bunkum, or buncombe, are synonymous, and I had an idea that the "Bunk" was a professional tag—and he came through with a carefully detailed story of how his father, when Bunk was hardly big enough to walk, used to take him along to the New Orleans gin mill he frequented, a place favored by Bob Fitzsimmons and other pugs and run by a jovial host they all called Bunk. This Bunk took a fancy to the little black boy and told Mr. Johnson, "You gotta call him Bunk, 'cause that's ma boy. We gonna christen him Bunk."

"I'm an old man in years," Bunk has written, "but not in action and playing."

He can say that again, as you'll agree once you've seen and heard him. You don't have to string along with the Bunk fanatics who hold that, even now, at sixty-five, he's the "greatest" trumpet man going, bar none. The business of picking the "greatest" is becoming pretty tiresome anyhow—a new candidate greater than yesterday's "greatest" is always being discovered. As if there weren't room in jazz for a dozen of the greatest, each the greatest in his own style.

Wonderful though his vitality is, Bunk can't altogether "deny his age," I thought on opening night, when it seemed that he was taking care not to overwork himself. At times the whole band would be playing harmony without a lead—because Bunk was blissfully sitting the chorus out. And I noticed that he rarely held a note; he played staccato, maybe from preference and then again maybe because he was shorter of breath than he had been thirty years earlier.

Catching him again a week later, I had to swallow those first snap judgments. Bunk not only held notes when it pleased him to do so—he worked like sixty all through the evening, as did every man jack in the group. After Nick's, where the boys stall through a half-hour set playing three or at the most four numbers, and then knock off for the rest of the hour, the energy of Bunk's band was a revelation. It was on the stand blatting away almost continuously for four solid hours, with nobody stopping to take a jolt from the jug, if there was one.

The late Tommy Ladnier's tone was thicker and broader, but in the stark simplicity of his phrasing Bunk calls him to mind. There are no musical curlicues, no superfluous "decorative" notes, and certainly there is no playing to the gallery. It's all meat. Rough scuffling, William Carlos Williams has said in effect, cuts away the inessential. Bunk's stretches in the rice fields, his truck driving, did more, in this sense, to make him a great musician than all his woodshedding put together. He has lived a full and rugged life and it comes out in his music.

But to run on about Bunk in this way is unfair to the rest of the band. A New Orleans aggregation isn't built around a single "star." All seven men are stars of equal magnitude. While the trumpet, the clarinet or the trombone may stand up to take a solo occasionally, ensemble work is the main idea, ensemble improvisation of the kind we thought had gone out of the world when King Oliver broke up the band with which he recorded on Okeh.

Perhaps you remember the enthusiasm Manny Farber spilled over the George Lewis (Climax) records and those of Bunk Johnson on Jazz Information. Well, here you have, in the flesh, George Lewis playing clarinet, Bunk Johnson trumpet, Lawrence Marrero banjo and Jim Robinson trombone—four of the gees that made Manny blow his fuse in print. *And*, in addition, you have Baby Dodds, from Chicago, on the tubs, the same Baby jazz purists consider the one and only jazz drummer worth talking about. Just as Shakespeare used the whole English language, Baby uses the whole of his equipment to maintain that solid rock, looking while he does so as happy as Uncle Jud beating his feet in the Mississippi mud. Slow Drag, who does by the bull fiddle, is another wiz. If you believe a string bass is incapable of drowning out a whole jazz band, you've never heard Drag. He plucks the strings with such violence that nobody can understand what keeps them from snapping, unless they're made of lastex and so have a two-way stretch. The pianoman, said to be one Alton Purnell, is just a kid of thirty-three or so, rung in at the last moment as a concession to modernism (the early New Orleans band got along without a piano).

These are men who can't play anything but New Orleans music; they never tried to play anything else. And in case you think this means they're corny, go listen to them. They'll make your ears flap in astonishment. Turn them loose on a Tin Pan Alley pudding like "Your Lips Tell Me No, But There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes," and they'll make jazz out of it. They'll transform "Rum and Coca-Cola" into meaningful music. They'll even have a go at "Bell-Bottom Trousers," if a customer insists, though the result will be apt to discredit the theory that New Orleans is not a kind of music but a way of playing, and that *any* tune is grist to its mill.

The band has an impact like a steam locomotive, and when it really gets going, on something like "See See Rider," "Sister Kate" or "High Society," with the feet of the listeners involuntarily beating time on the floor, look out. Records, the exceptional biscuits of American Music included, can merely suggest its drive. Count Basie's famous rhythm section of some years ago would be cut to ribbons by Slow Drag and Baby Dodds, playing under wraps; throw in Lawrence Marrero, and the entire Basie band would take to the woods. Power, yes, but something diametrically opposed to the hysterical screaming you get out of a sixteen, eighteen, twenty-four-piece swing band. It's the power of passion at white heat as against the desire to make the loudest noise possible, for what it may be worth in dollars.

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On opening night at the Casino, two men with beards and a dachshund represented the intelligentsia. The purp was a distinct improvement over the countesses, duchesses, princesses and suchlike decrepit muckamucks who sponsored *View's* "jazz concert" of shudderful memory. Let's get it clear: Bunk's band is holding forth in a dance hall and it isn't playing concert dates, but New Orleans jazz, and jazz for dancing—it is not its fault if a majority of the clientele crowds around the stand listening to what goes on instead of cutting loose with the feet.

Dig it while you can. How long Bunk and his old-timers will be around is anybody's guess. Four hundred paying customers a night would be sufficient to keep them at the Stuyvesant Casino indefinitely—but during the first week of their stand, they drew 400 just once. The zoot-suited readers of *Metronome* would run from the music as from a thought above the level of the comic books; on the other hand, free-wheeling "music lovers" who think they dislike all jazz, when the chances are they've never heard any, might get a big boot out of Bunk's band.

FRED R. MILLER

The Bandwagon

The very fact that the Czar's [Czar Nicholas II] police were violating freedom of the press by suppressing *Pravda* shows, of course, that considerable freedom of the press existed. – *From "Topics of the Times," in the New York* Times.

KILLS WRONG MAN, IS SORRY
Missouri Gravedigger Mistook His Victim for an In-Law
– *Head and subhead in the New York* Herald Tribune.

Hurray for Our Side

PHILIPPINES. – An American recently liberated from a Jap prison camp found his Parker pen had a unique and important reputation, even with the Japs. He managed to keep the pen until December, 1944, when, with prisoner rations reduced to starvation levels, a Jap guard traded him precious food for the Parker. Owners of other makes of pens were not so fortunate. The guards refused to negotiate with them for extra rations. – *From an advertisement of the Parker "51" in* This Week.

What Have They Got to Lose?

Cancellation of war contracts, transfer of employees from war industries to peacetime pursuits and demobilization of our armed forces will bring about dislocations in our economy and many problems, but the bankers face this situation calmly and courageously. – *Fred F. Florence, president, Dallas Clearing House Association, in the Dallas* Times-Herald.

Back to Normalcy

Mrs. Ruth Gundelfinger, of Bellevue, and Miss Jane Snyder, of 2120 Wilson Avenue, North Side, will represent the Star-duster Club of Pittsburgh at a meeting of Eastern tall people's clubs at Philadelphia Saturday, September 29. – *From the Pittsburgh* Press.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. ***Please enclose the original clipping.*** – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Draft and Education

SIR: If the draft is to continue taking the eighteen-year-olds, why could not our government conduct the necessary institutions for carrying on their education in the occupied areas abroad? With the maintenance of proper standards, credits therefrom would enable students to complete unfinished courses when they return to the United States. With limited military duties, there should be ample time for attendance, which, in view of the lack of interest in education on the part of many discharged GI's, might even be made compulsory to advantage. Besides, these schools could well be employed for the reëducation of the Nazi-Fascist scourged peoples and become fountainheads of true democracy and human justice.

Halcyon, Calif. WILL MONFORT

Negroes and the Vote

SIR: A case at law of interest to all readers of the *New Republic* was argued September 12, 13 and 14 in the Federal District Court at Macon, Georgia. A Columbus, Georgia, Negro, the Reverend Primus E. King, brought suit for $5,000 damages against ten Democratic Party election officials who denied him the right to vote in the last primary election held in Columbus. Charles J. Bloch, a Macon attorney, represented the defendants. The Reverend King's attorney was Harry Strozier, also of Macon, a man who, as a lawyer and as an editor of the Macon *News*, has won wide acclaim as a champion of human rights and democracy in the South. The United States District Judge who heard the case was T. Hoyt Davis.

The principal arguments of Bloch and Strozier hinged largely on points of law, especially on interpretations of the Supreme Court decision last year in the Texas case. Bloch contended that the Texas statutes require a political party to hold primary elections and require in addition that such elections be conducted in conformity with multitudinous regulations of a relatively major character. In this situation it is permissible to assume, in accordance with the Supreme Court decision, that party officials are thus officers of the state and the state may consequently be enjoined from violating the Fifteenth Amendment. In Georgia, however, no such requirement as to the holding of a primary exists (indeed, all references to primary elections have been deleted from the new Georgia constitution), and primaries carried on by "voluntary associations" do not therefore constitute state action. He contended further that election officials are no more officers of the state when following certain election regulations than are officials of railroad companies in complying with certain safety rules prescribed by the Georgia statutes.

Harry Strozier, on the other hand, argued that, while Georgia does not require a political party to hold a primary election, once the party does decide to hold one, it must comply with numerous statutory regulations pertaining to procedure. For example, Georgia law determines the dates within which the election shall be held, regulates in some counties the manner in which executive party committees are selected, recognizes the nominees as qualified to stand in the general election, and so on. The voters, furthermore, must be qualified by Georgia law to vote in a general election as a prior condition of eligibility to vote in a primary. All of these statutory requirements constitute evidence of state action. Primary election officials, whether members of "voluntary associations" or not, operate under authority delegated to them by the state. All attempts to place primary election officials in the same category as railroad employees, said Mr. Strozier,

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are simply irrelevant. Elections are fundamental to the process of government itself and our democracy is founded upon the principle that no citizen may be deprived without cause of a chance to choose the officials who will govern him. . . .

The case was taken under advisement by Judge Davis, who promised to render his decision in from 30 to 60 days. In the meantime the gratitude of every liberal in this country should go out to Harry Strozier, soldier of democracy who acquitted himself so superbly on this judicial battlefield, and to the small group of Columbus citizens who drew on their own slender resources to challenge the white oligarchy of Georgia.

Macon, Ga. LIEUTENANT B. R., USNR

For an Annual Wage in the South

SIR: The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, with headquarters in Memphis, Tennessee, has asked for support for its campaign to win a guaranteed $625 minimum annual wage for sharecroppers, tenant farmers and wage hands in the cotton country. The Union reports that 60 percent of the farm families in Arkansas earned less than $400 in cash during the war boom year of 1944. The planters are seeing to it that earnings go lower this year. They have been instrumental in having ceilings imposed on cotton pickers' wages in parts of Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas (under the Economic Stabilization Act) which fix the upper limit of pay for a ten-hour day at $2 to $2.50. A laborer on a cotton plantation averages only 125 days work a year in normal times.

The people in the cotton country are determined that they shall not be driven back to the misery of the 1930's, when evicted sharecropper families were camped on the sides of public highways. Their campaign for $625 a year guaranteed by contract with the employers should demonstrate to the nation that there must be improvement in the grave economic problems of the South.

We know that democracy is not safe in America so long as the agricultural population of the South lives in poverty too abject to permit minimum decency, poverty which furnishes fruitful soil for racial antagonisms. The men and women of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union have shown that they have the courage to challenge the system which has enslaved them. We cannot do that job for our sharecropper friends but we can help.

The National Sharecroppers' Fund gives aid to organizations in the South that are democratically controlled and directed by natives of that region and which are constructively tackling the evils from which the farm people of the South suffer. We need $25,000 immediately to support the new struggle of the sharecroppers for a $625 annual wage. If you want to back them up, send us your gift. The address is 8 West 40th Street, New York 18.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN, Chairman,
New York City The National Sharecroppers Fund

A Book in Praise of Henry Miller

SIR: The November 8 issue (1943) of the *New Republic* carried an appeal for funds from the writer-artist Henry Miller. While several hundred readers were responding with checks, clothes and art supplies, I chose to spend my personal savings in publishing some of his manuscripts. The first to appear was *What Are You Going to Do About Alf?*, twice published in Europe. Two days after delivery of the 738-copy edition, agents who specialize in such matters gave me a choice of burning every copy or of inking out 14 words in each by hand. I did the latter. "Plight of the Creative Artist in the United States of America," a resumé in brochure form of the problem confronting all but Scandinavian artists, soon followed, with the last page outlining a plan for aiding Miller and other American writers in similar straits. Though actual funds to enact that plan have yet to be realized, George Leite and I did organize *Circle* for the purpose of publishing great and unknown talent. Miller's forthright excursus on war, "Murder the Murderer," appeared after consultation with the American Civil Liberties Union. While the FBI investigated both of us, a battle royal between a New Jersey printer and myself ran hotly over certain allegedly objectionable phrases in "Semblance of a Devoted Past," a collection of Miller letters from his Paris days. Weak-boned fish that I am, I allowed the purist his way, causing the book, on appearance a few months ago, to be badly deleted, blank-speckled and mauled, though with the first collotype reproductions of Miller's art to appear anywhere. Limited, numbered editions of "Henry Miller Bibliography" and "Henry Miller Miscellanea" which followed were made possible only by the meager sales of items thus far published, for at this point, my resources had been depleted.

I also invited sixty celebrated authors, artists and qualified Miller friends in many countries to write each a chapter in homage of Henry's life and work for a book entitled "The Happy Rock." A corps of literary agents in four countries and three wealthy people here were ready to put this book over in a big way. Disaster set in and the plan collapsed. Now, eight months later, I have the MS in galley proof, 500 pounds of paper in seven colors, but no funds with which to continue.

The book contains no lust, scandal, murder or mystery and is therefore by many standards a very bad book indeed. It does, however, give for the first time a personal and critical history of the country's greatest creative writer. Those who believe in him are invited to contribute to the full measure of their belief. My address is 2303 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, California.

Berkeley, Calif. BERN PORTER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Lieutenant S.K.B., USNR, tells us of the Franklin D. Roosevelt College of Chicago which opened September 24. The president, Dr. Edward J. Sparling, was formerly president of the Central YMCA College "which attempted to meet the needs of the poorer classes in the city by providing college training of a high standard at extremely low fees." In the face of the growing enrolment of Negroes and Jews, however, the Board of Trustees of the YMCA College dismissed Dr. Sparling for maintaining a policy of non-discrimination, and 80 percent of the faculty resigned in protest. Marshall Field and the Rosenwald Foundation, our correspondent writes, "were so impressed by Dr. Sparling's courage that they have given substantial financial aid to his fight for a new college in Chicago which would meet the educational needs of the poorer classes of the city without regard to race, color or creed."

An army doctor on Mindanao writes that "when Lieutenant Colonel R. A. Kocher ["Doctors, War and Medicine," the *New* Republic, May 14] says army medicine is really a form of state medicine he is voicing a truth that is most weakening to his argument in favor of state medicine. The majority of army doctors are assigned to field units and I think the majority will (if for no other reason) always be antagonistic toward state-controlled medical practice. When medical work is arbitrarily dictated from above by either doctors or laymen, the result is inferior. Offhand I can readily recall instances where line officers told me how to dispose of cases, advice that could not be easily ignored due to the peculiar relationship of army doctors to their commanding officers. I fear analogous incidents in the Colonel's form of state medicine. . . . Only in a socialized government with a socialist economy will socialized medicine work."

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HENRY H

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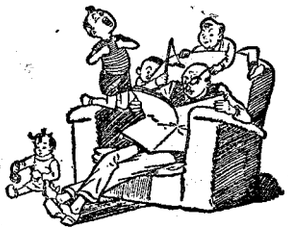

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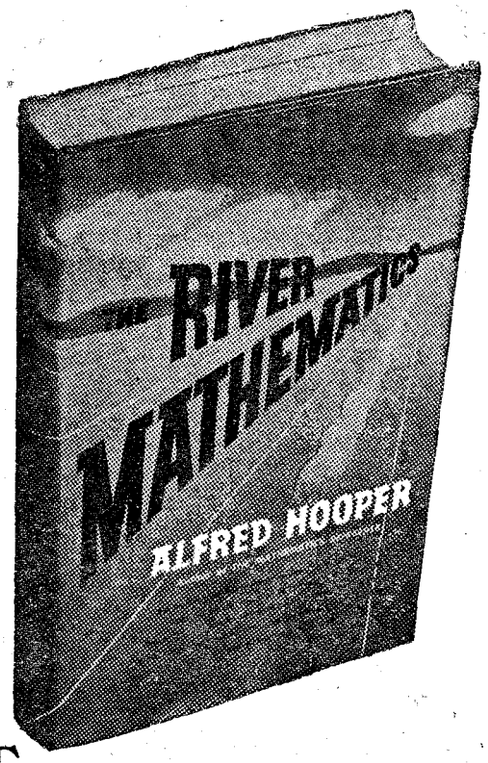

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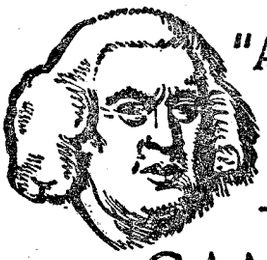

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A Life-in-America Prize Book

The nation is a rope of many strands. If one strand is frayed, this rope is that much weaker. Few would deny that, but many willfully chafe those strands.

The analogy holds no further, for the strands are men and women — the rope lives, it is possessed of a powerful tendency to grow stronger. The parted strands eagerly reknit whenever, wherever unequal friction is removed.

We are a nation of many cultures. Diversity has been our strength. We are founded upon belief in individuality and the power of cooperation.

We are built on the idea that races can learn the love of liberty and the responsibility that goes with it. Out of this comes an unimagined vigor, a rich flow of art and science, a towering originality of form and power of disinterested thought which make the nation what it is: One nation, indivisible so long as there is liberty and justice for all.

ONE NATION is a book about some of the minority peoples who have meant so much to American culture. It is a book that takes you deep into Chinatown and Pachuco shack town, into the back slums of Chicago, and out upon the Navajoes' prairies. In pictures and by word, it shows how these peoples react to bad treatment and to good treatment at the hands of other Americans.

One Nation

BY WALLACE STEGNER AND THE EDITORS OF LOOK

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Fall Book Section

Beating That Boy

DURING these post-military-phase-of-the-war days when a Negro is asked what occurs when he visits with white friends, he is likely to chuckle and drily reply, "Oh, we beat that boy," meaning to belabor in polite conversation what is commonly called the "Negro problem." Though Negroes laugh when the phrase is used, beneath its folksy surface there lies—like a booby-trap in a music-box of folk tunes—a disillusionment that only its attitude of detached participation saves from exploding into violent cynicism: its counterpart among those Negroes who know no whites as friends.

For the racial situation has become as an irrational sea in which Americans flounder like convoyed ships in a gale. The phrase rotates as a gyroscope of irony by which the Negro maintains a hazardous stability as the sea-tossed ship of his emotions whirls him willy-nilly along: lunging him toward the shoals of bitter rejection (of the ideology that makes him the sole sacrifice of America's tragedy); now away toward the mine-strewn shores of hopelessness (that despite the war, democracy is still discussed on an infantile level and himself in pre-adult terms); now smashing him flush against waves of anger that threaten to burst his seams in revolt (that his condition is so outrageously flagrant); now teetering him clear on a brief, calm, sunlit swell of self-amusement (that he must cling to the convoy though he doubts its direction); now knocking him erect, like a whale on its tail, before plunging again into the still dark night of the one lone "rational" thing—the pounding irrational sea.

This is a nightmarishly "absurd" situation, and perhaps no major problem affecting the destiny of a nation has ever received such superficial discussion. As Bucklin Moon knew when he conceived *Primer for White Folks*,[1] a great deal of the superficiality comes from the general ignorance prevailing in our society of the historical and social condition of the black tenth of the population. He might have subtitled his anthology, *A Short Course on the American Negro for Those Who "Beat That Boy."*

Primer for White Folks comes as a result of the long fight which Negroes have made to make their story known, and the aroused efforts of liberal whites, many of them Southerners, to chart more accurately that heart-lashing sea of irrationality called the "Negro problem." The fair-minded but uninformed should read the book to learn how much they have been humiliated, insulted and injured by the Rankins and Bilbos who speak in their name to the world.

Primer for White Folks is something new in its genre. Unlike similar anthologies, it does not consist solely of Negro contributions, but of writings on the racial situation as seen by both white and Negro authors. The book, which presents such writers as Will W. Alexander, Kay Boyle, Sterling Brown, Henrietta Buckmaster, Fanny Kemble, Langston Hughes, Wendell Willkie, Lillian Smith, Dorothy Parker, James T. Farrell and Richard Wright, divides into three major sections. The first, "Heritage," covers slavery, the Civil War and the end of Reconstruction in Negro disfranchisement, and presents unfamiliar information on Negro slave revolts and heroism; the second consists of short stories about the mores of our society and the relationships, "sometimes ludicrous, sometimes tragic, between Negroes and whites"; and the third, "Today and Tomorrow," presents the thoughts of contemporary white and Negro writers on the "Negro question" and their recommendations for its solution. This section is especially valuable and will bear repeated reference as the tense period we have just entered unfolds. Here are the most democratically informed discussions of the racial situation to appear in print since Pearl Harbor.

But if you believe you have read many of these pieces before, then you're mistaken: even if you *have*, you haven't. For here, under Bucklin Moon's creative editing, they have been placed in a fresh context of meaning, where, like the subtle relationships of forms in a great painting, they ever reveal something new. Encountering some of them here, one wonders whether Moon's conception was not superior to even the best images which he found to give it articulation. What an astounding book this could have been had every piece been on a par with its conception! Since hardly any aspect of our culture escapes the blight of hypocrisy implicit in our social institutions, it is not surprising that many of the pieces mix appeal for fair play with double-talk; or that most are much too fearful of that absolute concept "democracy," circling above it like planes being forced to earth in a fog. They seemed concerned most often with patching up the merry-go-round-that-broke-down than with the projection of that oh, so urgently needed new American humanism. Here, too, the boy comes in for a bit of a beating.

These negative criticisms of its parts do not, however, apply to the anthology as a whole. For the negative when piled up quantitatively often assumes a positive value; and certainly it is valuable to detect the cracks in the tones of our most Liberty Bell voices. Then, too, such studies inevitably reveal as much about the white American as about the American Negro—which lends them a value that is generally ignored. When viewed from a perspective which takes this circumstance into account, *Primer for White Folks* will be prized for the oblique light it throws upon an aspect of American writing which was not its immediate concern.

One notices, for instance, that most of the fiction presented here, with the exception of stories by Dorothy Parker, Kay Boyle, Erskine Caldwell and William March, is by writers who have appeared since the Depression; and

[1] Primer for White Folks, edited by Bucklin Moon. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 512 pages. $3.50.

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that most of the widely read authors of the between-wars period are, with the exceptions of James T. Farrell and Richard Wright, conspicuously missing. We are reminded that from 1776 to 1876 there was a conception of democracy current in this country that allowed the writer to identify himself with the Negro; and that had such an anthology been conceivable during the nineteenth century, it could have included such writers as Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Mark Twain. For slavery (it was not termed a "Negro problem" then) was a vital issue in the American consciousness, symbolic of the condition of Man, and a valid aspect of the writer's reality. Only after the Emancipation and the return of the Southern ruling class to power in the counter-revolution of 1876, was the Negro issue pushed into the underground of the American conscience and ignored.

To ignore, however, is not to nullify, and the fact that so many of our important writers are missing from *Primer for White Folks* raises the question whether the existence of the race problem in our culture has not had an insidiously powerful effect upon twentieth-century writing that has not been generally suspected. Perhaps here too lies a partial explanation of why we have come to regard certain faults of this writing as excellences.

But first let me hasten to say that I do not mean to imply that whites had any obligation to write of Negroes, nor that in the depiction of the racial situation lies any blueprint for a supreme fiction (if so, all Negro writers would rate with Tolstoy and Balzac, Shakespeare and Dostoevsky). Unfortunately, the connection between literature and society is seldom so naïvely direct. There is, nevertheless, an inescapable connection between the writer and the beliefs and attitudes current in his culture, and it is here exactly that the "Negro problem" begins to exert a powerful, uncalculated influence.

For since 1876 the race issue has been like a stave driven into the American system of values, a stave so deeply imbedded in the American *ethos* as to render America a nation of ethical schizophrenics. Believing truly in democracy on one side of their minds, they act on the other in violation of its most sacred principles; holding that all men are created equal, they treat thirteen million Americans as though they were not.

There are, as always, political and economic motives for this rending of values, but in terms of the ethical and psychological, what was opportunistically labeled the "Negro problem" is actually a guilt-problem charged with pain. Just how painful, might be judged from the ceaseless effort expended to dull its throbbings with the anesthesia of legend, myth, hypnotic ritual and narcotic modes of thinking. And not only have our popular culture, our newspapers, radio and cinema been devoted to justifying the Negro's condition and the conflict created thereby, but even our social sciences and serious literature have been conscripted—all in the effort to drown out the persistent voice of outraged conscience.

This unwillingness to resolve the conflict in keeping with his democratic ideals has compelled the white American, figuratively, to force the Negro down into the deeper level of his consciousness, into the inner world, where reason and madness mingle with hope and memory and endlessly give birth to nightmare and to dream; down into the province of the psychiatrist and the artist, from whence spring the lunatic's fancy and the work of art. It is a dangerous region even for the artist, and his tragedy lies in the fact that in order to tap the fluid fire of inspiration, he must perpetually descend and reëncounter not only the ghosts of his former selves, but all of the unconquered anguish of his living.

Obviously, this position need not be absolutely disadvantageous for the Negro. It might, in a different culture, be highly strategic; enlisting in his cause the freedom-creating powers of art. For imprisoned in the deepest drives in human society, it is practically impossible for the white American to think of sex, of economics, his children or womenfolk, or of sweeping socio-political changes, without summoning into consciousness fear-flecked images of black men. Indeed, it seems that the Negro has become identified with those unpleasant aspects of conscience and consciousness which it is part of the American's character to avoid. Thus when the literary artist attempts to tap the charged springs issuing from his inner world, up float his misshapen and bloated images of the Negro, like the fetid bodies of the drowned, and he turns away, discarding an ambiguous substance which the artists of other cultures would confront boldly and humanize into the stuff of a tragic art. It is as though we were to discard the beneficial properties of the X-ray simply because when used without the protection of a leaden screen they might burn us or produce sterility.

Indeed, the racial situation has exerted an influence upon the writer similar to that of an X-ray concealed in a radio. Moving about, perhaps ignoring, perhaps enjoying Jack-Rochester or a hot jazz band, he is unaware of his exposure to a force that shrivels his vital sperm. Not that it has rendered him completely sterile, but that it has caused him to produce deformed progeny: literary offspring without hearts, without brains, viscera or vision, and some even without genitalia.

Thus it has not been its failure to depict racial matters that has determined the quality of American writing, but that the writer has formed the habit of living and thinking in a culture that is opposed to the deep thought and feeling necessary to profound art: hence its avoidance of emotion, its fear of ideas, its obsession with mere physical violence and pain, its overemphasis of understatement, its precise and complex verbal constructions for converting goatsong into carefully modulated squeaks.

Nor are the stories and articles included in *Primer for White Folks* free of these faults. But if they bear the mark of the culture out of which they spring, they are also appeals for a superior society and a more vital literature. As arranged here, they offer a vivid statement of the strengths and weaknesses of the new mood born in the hearts of Americans during the war, a mood more precise in its fears (of racial bloodshed) than definite in its hopes (symbolized most concretely in the frantic efforts of interracial organizations and mayors' committees to discover a foolproof technique of riot control); but more significant than their obvious fears and vacillations, they are valuable for something practically missing from American writing since *Huckleberry Finn:* a search for images of black and white fraternity.

RALPH ELLISON

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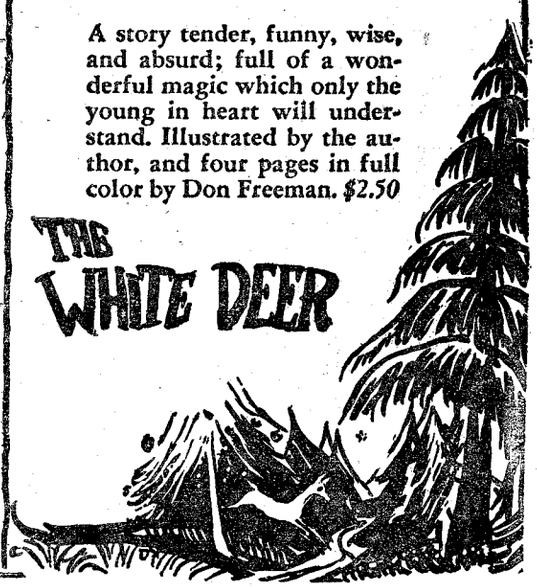

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Henry Moore

Henry Moore: Sculpture and Drawings. With an Introduction by Herbert Read. New York: Curt Valentin. 44 pages, with 230 pages of plates, 14 in color. $16.50.

THIS VOLUME in plan and execution is in every way worthy of its subject. It has large, especially clear reproductions of all the artist's sculpture, plus many drawings, some in color; the introduction is by Herbert Read, apparently the most active enthusiast of modernist art in England; Henry Moore's own writings are included; finally, there is a biographical chronology, a bibliography, and a photograph of the artist. The book is big enough, and physically attractive. One is bound to hope that not all of those who would derive deep pleasure from it will be prevented by the price from having it.

Henry Moore's accomplishment, in becoming the first major figure in art to appear in Britain in generations, is of magnitude under any circumstances; it is more remarkable in that his work was realized at home, not in pre-Nazi Germany or in Paris, that is to say, realized in a segment of the hostile and plastically ignorant English-speaking world. For this reason every British or American artist watches him with excitement, good will and admiration.

The actual nature of this work is not easy to explain to a literary public. Perhaps the plainest preliminary is to say that he loves the forms, at once concrete and abstract, but not very representational, of our great international modernist style, that he constantly employs these forms with great virtuosity, that he has borrowed them, since he is not especially inventive, from nearly everyone, among others Arp, Brancusi, Chirico, Giacometti, Klee, Laurens, Lipchitz, Miró, Zadkine and, above all, Picasso; but that, despite this, his work is not essentially abstract, but traditional and naturalistic. It is as though he did not fully comprehend the ends of abstraction, but loved its forms sensuously, as one might love an Eskimo object without knowing what it was for. Standing on the frontier of an absolute conception, he remains an empiricist and undecided; then sometimes he plunges, without premeditation. His quality is not universal at all, but personal and romantic:

> As far as my own experience is concerned, I sometimes begin a drawing with no preconceived problem to solve, with only the desire to use pencil on paper, and I make lines, tones, shapes with no conscious aim; but as my mind takes in what is so produced, a point arrives where some idea becomes conscious and crystallizes, and then a control and ordering take place.

This is kin to the technique of automatism systemized by the surrealists. It has been a constant resource, with differing functions, for Ernst, Klee, Masson, Miró and Picasso—a weapon for inventing forms. Some of these forms, though concrete in being tactile and visual, are abstract.

Everyone understands abstraction from nature, whether in art or science: it is a mode of selection. There is another kind, abstraction from the possible, which, though it may ultimately refer to the background of experience, can be taken (for certain purposes) as an internal and, if necessary, arbitrary system of relations, such as can be found in logic or mathematics. The late Piet Mondrian was the most thorough and consistent constructor among artists of such an abstract structure; and these abstract means were related to a clear and intelligible end: the union, and in being a union, a dissolution of painting, sculpture and architecture into a harmonious ensemble. As early as 1912, when Henry Moore was still a youth, the friend and appreciator of the cubist painters, Guillaume Apollinaire, saw the point: "When sculpture departs from nature it becomes architecture." It is for this reason that representation of any kind disappeared from Mondrian's work.

What has to be insisted on is a relation between means and ends.

It is hard to believe that Henry Moore is profoundly interested in architecture. He is an *isolé* and romantic living in a traditional and literary country. Rather than relate, he dominates, by virtue of his powerful personality.

Still, he is much taken by modern sculptural forms, and by other media—painting, drawing, *collage*, and perhaps mathematical objects. These last, extremely beautiful and complex models made by mathematicians to represent equations, may have suggested the general character of Moore's most advanced and eloquent creations, his so-called "stringed figures." Imagine large stones, or columns of lead or hard wood profoundly indented, so that planes stick out, all elegantly curved; and the planes perforated, with colored strings or metal wires drawn through, as across an imaginary and many-stringed guitar. These objects are beautiful to behold, and nearly purely esthetic. They constitute a complete contradiction to his most recent work, a "Madonna and Child" commissioned by St. Matthew's Church, Southampton. The solution of this contradiction must be his present problem. On what solution depends the Value his creations will exhibit to the future.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL

Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?

IN A RECENT ARTICLE on pre-Hitler Germany, Vincent Sheean, an observer noted for his integrity and accuracy, makes a challenging statement: "Psychology and psychoanalysis, of course, flourished on the grandest scale, but if I may confess to a prejudice, it seems to me that this is a symptom of disease rather than of intellectual activity." As a physician I should like to contradict this statement. I wish I could.

The circumstances of which he speaks are very similar to those around us here. What is the social significance of present-day psychiatry and psychoanalysis in this country? In reviewing a series of recent psychiatric books I have looked for an answer to this question of such great current interest.

More than one-fourth of the first admissions to mental hospitals are psychiatric disorders of the higher age groups. *Mental Disorders in Later Life*[1] is an up-to-date technical survey of that whole field. It covers the clinical, psychological, physiological and neuropathological data, their interpretation and literature. What one misses is a frank statement or even an awareness of the tremendous social responsibility involved in the care—or, let us say frankly, lack

[1] Mental Disorders in Later Life, edited by Oscar J. Kaplan. Palo Alto, California: The Stanford University Press. 436 pages. $5.

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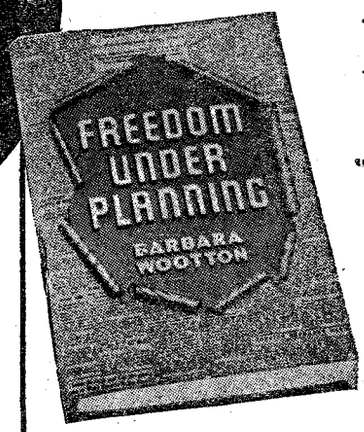

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of care—for these patients. The fear of "overprotecting our old people, with resulting personality damage," can apply only to such an infinitesimal part of the population that it is almost fanciful when mentioned in a book which fails to enlarge on the great urgency of the opposite sort of situation. One of the contributors correctly draws attention to the fact that the problems of old age were put to political use during the last decade by organizations in California and other states. "Canny politicians" could indeed make capital out of the situation, as a result of the great discrepancy between theory and practice in the care of old people. Surely it is an over-refinement to demand new research on account of the worry expressed by one contributor that "no one has the slightest notion just what sort of 'Home for the Aged' is most appropriate." On the contrary, this book shows that we do know a great deal about what is needed. It is the application of this knowledge which lags behind.

One need not be sentimental to realize that not only the social but even the human aspects of old age do not come to the fore very fully in this book. To speak of "the burden on society" of "supporting old people" (sometimes called "oldsters" in this survey), of the danger that "the youth of the nation be enslaved by the staggering and increasing load of supporting the elderly and the aged," of "extravagant 'security' through taxation," shows an emphasis wrongly placed. What is needed first is not more appropriations, but proper use of the ones already existing.

A psychiatrist like myself who is confronted with the almost daily task of making a proper "disposition" of borderline cases of old people, finds little help or recognition of his difficulties—or rather, the difficulties of his patients—in this book. It is not a delusion of the old, but a grim fact, that so often there is no proper place in our society for the host of old people who show minor and harmless abnormalities of thought or emotion. What happens to them in the mental institutions where they are sent *faute de mieux* in large numbers is all too often a mixture of neglect and brutality which spells slow extermination. Let the philosophers who are now pondering the problem of collective guilt figure this one out.

Emotional Problems of Living[1] is intended for the non-professional reader. The authors feel that their book is "oriented to psychoanalytic thinking," but this is only very conditionally true. The bulk of the book, devoted to the development of personality, is divided into oral, anal, phallic, latent and puberty periods. The trouble with this "deep psychology" is that it is so superficial. To attempt to classify human troubles according to body orifices, in this age of displaced and misplaced persons, is almost absurd.

For anybody seeking aid in mental hygiene on either the giving or the receiving end, such a book makes confusion worse confounded. "Children who are chronically aggressive because they are unloved" are described as having "no feelings of love directed toward any object but themselves"; "they show no consideration for others and seem totally lacking in respect, sympathy, kindliness, gratitude and the ordinary niceties of social intercourse." This is a harsh and unjustified indictment, not a psychiatric description. "Psychopathic personalities" are wrongly defined as "people who get into difficulty with their families, the community or the law," and as lacking in "ethical feeling." Of their treatment the authors say that "when they are in jail they are being dealt with as expediently as possible." "Sexual perversion" is defined as "a sexual activity that consistently defeats the aims of procreation." The problem of homosexuality lies in the fact that homosexuals "are *unconstructive people*" (authors' italics).

The authors' treatment of juvenile delinquency is a key to the social implications of such a book. They define a juvenile delinquent as "a person who in his behavior 'falls away' from the customs and mores of the social organization." (I thought a juvenile delinquent was a child who had broken a law.) The authors give the impression that one of the preferred treatments is institutionalization.

After describing their formalistic types and "sub-types" of "naughtiness," they present an "ideal" scheme for the treatment of juvenile delinquents. Those of us who have seen many children before and after a stay in the reformatory, know that children often become deformed there, rather than reformed. So we recommend that trivial matters be treated without alarm. But the authors of this book advocate that delinquent children should have a trial, with a judge and jury, that they then be sent to a clearing institution, that their families be investigated thoroughly by sociologists and economists, that the case be reviewed by a board consisting of a criminologist, a lawyer, a physician, a psychiatrist, a psychologist and a sociologist, and then, if all that is insufficient for a working diagnosis, the child should be remanded for further study.

But that is just the beginning. If he acted from force of circumstance only, and can be sent to an environment where circumstances will not be so adverse, he can be released. (Obviously, most children are not so lucky, since they have to return to the environment from which they came in the first place.) If a child has a mental disorder and does not recover, he cannot go home; he must remain under custodial care. If he acted "from a sense of guilt," then he is sent to a special institution. If he refuses the opportunities offered there or if the treatment is not successful, off he goes to another custodial institution. If he acted from a "delinquent superego," he is also headed for an institution. If he acted from "lack of love," he goes to a reformatory. If the reformatory does not help, he goes to another institution, where the whole case will again be reviewed. And if none of all this helps, the child is "detained for the remainder of his life regardless of the nature of the original crime" (*sic*).

The Shaping of Psychiatry by War,[1] whose author is the consulting psychiatrist to the British Army, is the book of a psychiatrist, a soldier and a gentleman. It deals with most of the formal aspects of psychiatric services under war conditions. It is colorless and gracious, and it steers away from any really concrete, circumscribed problem. The author is all for bettering things: we need "the right kind of psychiatrists," the "right leaders," the "right personnel," the right legislation for "people of every social group to have treatment when they need it"; the staffs of

[1] Emotional Problems of Living, by O. Spurgeon English and Gerald H. J. Pearson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 438 pages. $5.

[1] The Shaping of Psychiatry by War, by John Rawlings Rees. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 158 pages. $2.50.

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mental hospitals should be increased "one hundred percent," "employers of labor" should "set out clearly some worthwhile objective with which their workers are in sympathy," the separation between mental hospitals and general hospitals "must be done away with," "the isolation of mental-hospital staffs must be ended," in research we must study "the particular stresses and mental disturbances that lead to psychosomatic illness or to social unrest."

The author states that "it clearly does pay to give a correct prescription for social planning as for individual direction." For example, in the postwar era men whose intelligence does not come up to the standard of the intelligence-testers should go into "service labor corps," but of course under "ideal conditions," for then "they would in most cases wish to stay on." By his benevolent advice, the psychiatrist—of course "well selected, well trained"—can advise on "the modification of working hours." The "postwar malcontents" should not be regarded as "subversive," but as "rebellious and difficult children." Private foundations and the state should give the money for all these improvements.

Unfortunately, the author does not tell us what is the cause of all these social imperfections, unless it be "irrational emotions." Nor can I find any hint about what we can actually do, except to "select ourselves" and "formulate new prescriptions" which will of course be carried out, for "there is no state department in the democratic countries of the world that will not take notice of suggestions that are well and scientifically based."

The Shaping of Psychiatry by War is certainly peaceful. But the magic wand of the self-important psychiatrist, which may sometimes influence individuals, does not work with groups. Meanwhile our own veterans in search of psychiatric treatment run from pillar to post. (Or is it to *PM*?)

FREDERIC WERTHAM

Dr. Wertham's survey of recent books on psychiatry will be concluded in an early issue. — THE EDITORS

Democracy in the Making

The Age of Jackson, by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 577 pages. $5.

AT A TIME when such a heavy proportion of second-rate or downright shoddy historical writing is being widely praised and widely read, it is a pleasure to report on a book like this and find oneself part of a general chorus of approval. Mr. Schlesinger's book is a major contribution to American historiography. His broad survey of the Jacksonian era seems certain to supersede other books on the period and take a high place among works of interpretative synthesis. A product of detailed and intensive scholarship, it is, better still, a work of mature insight marked by a fine feeling for the dialectics of ideas and events. One turns with relief from more partisan myth-making histories in the manner of Claude Bowers to a study so much concerned with the larger problems of historical causation and powered to such an unusual degree by a capacity for analytical thinking.

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Its Tasks and Opportunities

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the Jacksonian heritage down to the Civil War era. From the time John Adams left office in 1801 to Lincoln's inauguration in 1861, only two Presidents were elected who were not in the Jefferson-Jackson-Democratic lineage. Mr. Schlesinger has therefore chosen to accentuate the significant cleavages within the dominant party rather than the struggle with the Whig opposition. Although he is no Marxist, what he finds is a series of class coalitions and class conflicts. "It seems clear," he writes, "that more can be understood about Jacksonian democracy if it is regarded as a problem not of sections but of classes." One of the motifs of *The Age of Jackson* is a running refutation of the thesis that Jacksonian democracy was predominantly a frontier phenomenon.

The great issue of national politics during the years of Andrew Jackson's presidency was banking and currency. The author shows that although Eastern and Western elements were united in opposition to Nicholas Biddle's Bank of the United States, they approached the fight from opposite angles because they represented sharply divergent interests. The Westerners, in the time-honored fashion of agrarian reformers, wanted currency expansion, and fought the bank in an inflationary mood. Eastern Jacksonians, who drew a critical part of their following from laborers and the middle class, opposed the bank for deflationary reasons. In the East, where resentment of banks, large corporations, worthless notes and high prices was general, the movement meant a return to "hard money." Easterners hoped that the currency could be divorced from the banks and returned to the government, and that the banks could be limited to the commercial functions of discount and deposit. It was the hard-money policy that prevailed.

The "specific problem" of Jacksonian democracy, Schlesinger believes,

> was to control the power of the capitalistic groups, mainly Eastern, for the benefit of the non-capitalist groups, farmers and laboring men, East, West and South. The basic Jacksonian ideas came naturally enough from the East, which best understood the nature of business power and reacted most sharply against it. The legend that Jacksonian democracy was the explosion of the frontier, lifting into the government some violent men filled with rustic prejudices against big business, does not explain the facts, which were somewhat more complex. Jacksonian democracy was rather a second phase of that enduring struggle between the business community and the rest of society which is the guarantee of freedom in a liberal capitalist state.

The Age of Jackson also deals sensitively with the political problems of the planters. Southerners had to decide whether the radical wing of the Democratic Party or the capitalists who substantially controlled the Whig Party represented the greater menace to the plantation system. The richest and most conservative planters saw the situation in terms of an affinity of property interests and went with the Whigs, in spite of the protective tariff and nationalist constitutional theory. Middle-class planters, and the majority of Southerners generally, preferred the Democratic Party and reform. John C. Calhoun, the outstanding Southern leader of the period, foresaw that equalitarian tendencies in the Northern democracy would also be a menace to the South, realized that the South must play an independent hand and argued that, since the South was a minority interest, it must work out an open defense of minority power and, if possible, embody it in the Constitution.

Jeffersonian democracy, Mr. Schlesinger shows, was based upon an anti-government obsession, a doctrinaire adhesion to laissez-faire. He credits Jacksonian democracy for having done something to break down this prejudice, although he is well aware that it lingered on as one of the important Jacksonian illusions. Jacksonian democracy, he concludes, failed to "codify" its deviations from the anti-statist tradition and in so doing left American liberalism impotent in the post-Civil War period, when a positive method of renewing the struggle against business power was badly needed.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

Recent Fiction

Cass Timberlane, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Random House. 390 pages. $2.75.
Indian Paul, by John Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 159 pages. $2.
Woman without Love, by André Maurois. New York: Harper and Brothers. 230 pages. $2.50.
The West Window, by L. P. Hartley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 217 pages. $2.50.
The Forest of the South, by Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 245 pages. $2.50.

AFTER A SEASON of great despair comes spring. Old portents disappear and meteors die; gloomy critics eat their hats. When masterpieces spring full-grown from even Hollywood's ungodlike head, how much older excellence may be rediscovered, blooming quietly in the very craters of the bombs? Against the season's fiction, the collected stories of Caroline Gordon stand out as the work of mature and rare talent. At the same time appears the nineteenth novel by Sinclair Lewis. This Book of the Month, described as "the intense story of a marriage," is doubtless intended seriously; it does contain some intensely coy bedroom scenes, mentions adultery and criticizes country-club life in the tones of a charter member savoring his highball on the club porch. Anonymously, it could have been submitted to any serial contest in *The Ladies Home Journal*, but I doubt if it would have won a prize.[1] The ladies, who have been mentioning adultery for some years now, might find its male archness stuffy, if not downright corny.

At the opposite pole from writing which is corrupt in the sense of being a perversion of natural talent, there is a kind of untalented writing which is so honestly dedicated to literary values that one is tempted illogically to admire it for its faults. *Indian Paul* deals, less dramatically than *The Ox-bow Incident* but equally thoughtfully, with lynching; only here the evil, prevented among the elders of the town, is consummated by their adolescent sons. An interesting moral, and something more. Despite a general meagerness of execution, and an ineptitude with dialogue and character which the Hemingway style fails to hide (it is either too much or too little to say of a man in murderous combat that he "looked angry"), there is such vividness in the action itself that the reader is conscious, on the whole, of having had a mild esthetic experience.

[1] Now I find that it did appear, though not anonymously, in the *Woman's Home Companion*. – M. F.

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But first there are two novels here to be recommended for their psychological interest. One is a case study of the Frigid Woman as destructive romantic, idealist, anachronistic saint or courtesan—a Proust without talent; it is given a higher ethical and historical content by André Maurois than is usually provided by the psychoanalysts. The other, an English novel praised by Elizabeth Bowen, deals with the hostile submissiveness of a young boy toward his dominating, motherish older sister. Mr. Hartley is interested in the origins of neurosis: in cultural (genteel) values as reflected in those symbiotic, unequal struggles for power which occur in families under the name of "love." Though a little too cramped by theory to become art, *The West Window* is an unusually intelligent and well written novel.

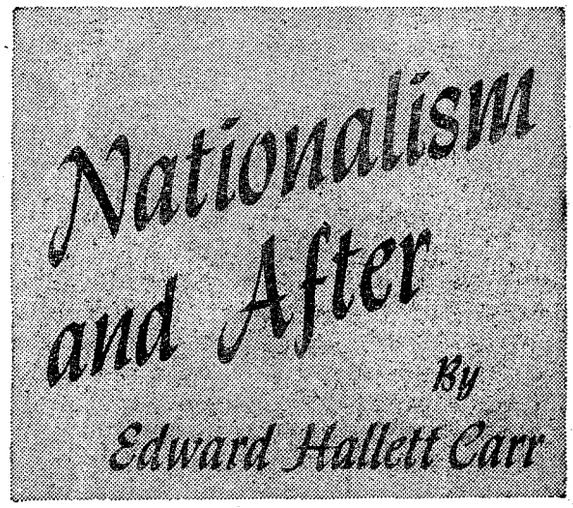
Miss Gordon's *Forest of the South*, preserving certain values indispensable to life and art, shows how nearly these have disappeared from the urban jungles of the North. Sensuous qualities, perhaps; we call them "dramatic sense," "sense of character," "sense of history," and rightly or wrongly we associate them with agrarian life, large families, ancestral piety. There is a "tragic sense," too, a suspension of moral judgment, developed by the raconteur who watches many well loved generations blossom and fall like leaves upon the same ground. On the impermanent islands of cities, cut off from their sensuous continents, familiarity may breed contempt; people are admired or despised as prodigies of theory. But in large families and small towns people are known and intimately observed, as supreme natural objects. Miss Gordon is able to treat certain themes long ridiculed in melodrama—the frontierswoman captured by Indians or the likable Bad Penny of the Old West, too quick on the draw—and these have the freshness of personal experience, of ancestral myths mingled with the remembered stuffs of childhood. Many of her stories begin as family anecdotes or even conversations, recalling

> all the people who ever came here in the old days. We hold them in our minds until they seem to live again. . . . A light burns dimly in one of the upstairs rooms. Girls might be dressing there for a party.

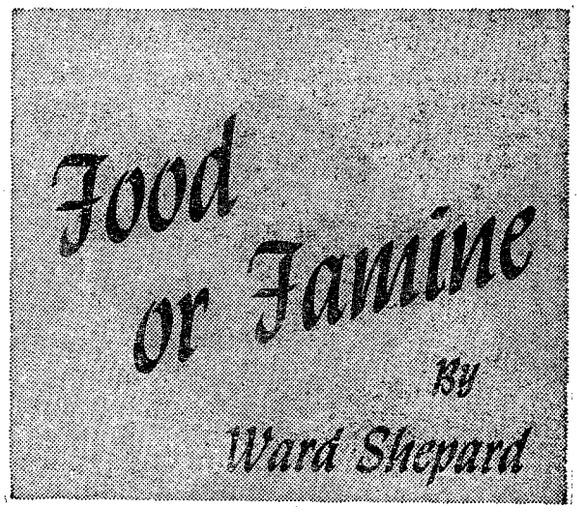
The best are perhaps the least formal of these anecdotes, concerning the piety and erudition of the sportsman. Details of hunting and fishing take on astonishing importance: they represent for Professor Maury, retired, a literal triumph of life over duty, prudence and the meaningless abstractions of worldly existence. The problem is one of time—creative mastery of time:

> He saw time suddenly, a dull, leaden-colored fabric . . . a blanket that they pulled about between them . . . trying to cover up their nakedness. Or they would . . . creep in among the folds, finding one day a little more tightly rolled than another. . . . But time was a banner that whipped before him . . . whipping always faster. The tears came into his eyes. Where, for instance, had this year gone?

But one has to hunt for these general meanings. Elsewhere the style is stripped to its narrative and visual details; it is partly by a wealth of facts about fly-casting that Miss Gordon's descriptions of fishing take on the intensity of felt experience.



International organization, says Professor Carr, must have "a higher ideal than orderly stagnation." In this timely and stimulating essay he analyzes the development of nationalism in the past, describes its crisis at present, and discusses the possibility of a workable internationalism for the future, based not on the security of nations but on the welfare of individuals. Professor Carr is the author of the widely discussed *Conditions of Peace.* $1.25



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One of the more formal stories contains this symbol of the South: a Federal soldier who believes in "striking the shackles from the wrists of slaves" ("and yet it was all so different from what he had pictured") becomes the protector of a girl with "strange, incurious" eyes (they had seen her father felled like an ox in the front hall). Her Confederate fiancé turns over his marital responsibilities to the conquering Northerner: "I do not envy you."

Occasionally a formal story fails—by comparison with Miss Gordon's own standards—when it relies on abstract symbol rather than experience, as in one all-Negro tragedy. But there is never a pretentious "success" based on the *idea of experience*—as with certain modern writers of wizard reputation, whose style betrays a hectic wish to become flesh and blood. It is the pulse of life itself they are after, and their creations seem those of a German clockmaker—absolutely real and lifelike, except that they tick rather loudly. Miss Gordon, less ambitious, taking it easy where these artists strain the most, succeeds where they fail. In one miraculous six-page story—what is it about? Nothing. A pear tree, a sick mother, the spring's annual reminder of rejected love—what is conveyed is not merely the felt quality of spinsterhood. Somehow the whole tragic limitations of life on earth, bound in time and defined by death, is projected in one vision of pear branches rising up like wands, their petals like festoons of little sea shells still unfolded. And the absolute rightness, in context, of the understatement:

> Mama's room always smells of camphor. You notice it after you've been out in the fresh air.

MARJORIE FARBER

Rational Poetry

Springboard: Poems 1941-1944, by Louis MacNeice. New York: Random House. 63 pages. $1.75.

REREADING MacNeice's *Autumn Journal*, I was struck by the way in which a period of writing, that is to say a style, approximates a period of time. The same history is common to both, and each may be read in terms of the other. In the case of MacNeice, as with Auden, Spender and Day Lewis, taken as a group before their present divergences appeared, history is as indispensable to the poetry as the paper it is written on; more than subject matter, it is the very form, the language and the words, the rhythm and the attitude—all, one might say, but the poet himself. Take a distance short enough, and most modern poets are fellow travelers: through depression, the rise of fascism and the threat of war until the first great terminal, Spain. Nearly all the poems of this period are journal entries, covering the way; even the most personal lyrics in their setting and context are close to the headlines and look forward to

> Not the twilight of the gods but a precise dawn
> Of sallow and gray bricks and newsboys crying war.

And yet how like an irrecoverable past this recent period, this style, has already become! The simile, "dead as 1938," occurs at the end of *Autumn Journal;* the poet, writing it, must have known that it would apply to the whole journal, the like of which he would never be able to write again. For the events of the autumn of Munich, and their counterparts in feeling, were crying war, to whose actuality

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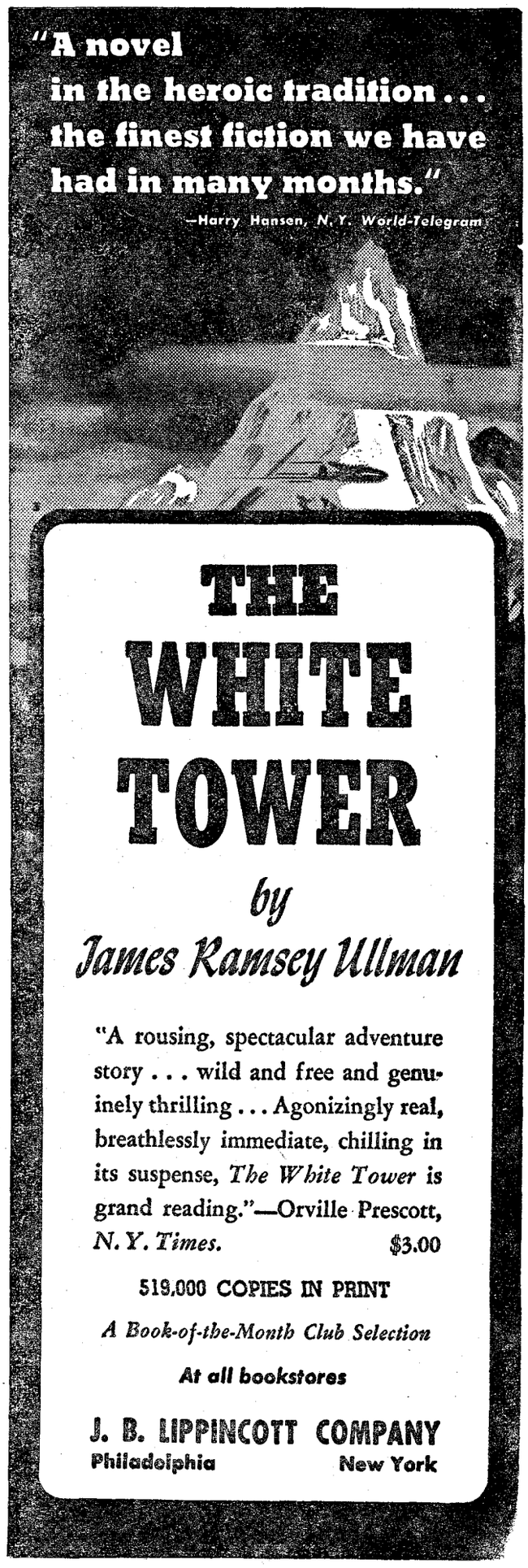
the poet, like Achilles in his unreal pursuit of the turtle, could come only so close without ever passing beyond it. The war was the sudden leap, the absolute break which no prophetic mood could ever really encompass. Everyone knew what was coming, but for that very reason no one was prepared; in which respect men are always victimized by history, even when they have mastered its principle, for how shall we go on being ourselves when our prophecies come true?

MacNeice's informal style could only have become formalized (it had already begun to turn in the long stretches of the *Journal*), and his relaxed anti-poetic line on which, side by side, hung classical devices and the idioms of modern speech could only have stiffened and by an anachronistic poetics bound the poet of the flux of things. So too with his attitude of mind: the resignation, the protest, the urbanity and the complaint; the ability to steal a lyric moment from the sense of doom and the determination, always a little awkward and repetitive, to strike a new note, the constant resolution to come to a resolution. With the end of the prewar years in sight, this vein was exhausted; this mine closed down while men streamed back to the actual coal-pits.

In the poems of *Springboard* we find MacNeice paying greater attention than heretofore to the problem of commitment and risk in belief. The certainty of the simple position, the emotional security of being able to assert the general value and virtue of commitment in default of a specific one, is no longer available at a time when circumstance, more powerful than the individual's power to choose, has pushed him to where he is without having had to consult the will. Simplicity—mere moral energy or belief in belief—has become all too simple. And while the title of the book may suggest the transition accomplished and the point of take-off toward further things already attained, the title poem qualifies MacNeice's position more exactly, preserving its inherent conflict. The heart of the problem is the individual's risk in war. He stands on the springboard, knowing that the leap to sacrifice and belief is called for, yet he is there only because he has been pushed—he does not believe. It is impossible to make a decision, a free choice, on such narrow, perilous ground, let alone its not being worth it. "And yet we know he knows what he must do." He will make the dive

> One man wiping out his own original sin
> And like ten million others, dying for the people.

Technically, this poem is the high point of the volume, if we overlook a dangling modifier, a solecism which usage has certified as a device. MacNeice tells us in the dedication that "the velvet image . . . the lilting measure" no longer convey his meaning, and that "I am compelled to use/ Such words as disabuse/ My mind of casual pleasure." In "The Springboard" his conversion to wartime writing has been made at a profit. The line is drawn taut, but its resilience does not let one feel the strain. Though writing in closer quarters, he still has the same ease, and for that matter—true of many war economies—the present constriction may well be preferable to the roominess of his earlier work. It was always the casual accuracy, the offhand precision of images that was original and important in his writing; the rhythmical patterns, for all their free-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dom, were more a matter of contrivance, and therefore less integral to the conveying of his effects than they appeared to be.

The title poem also succeeds in gathering together under a specific philosophical image those aspects of the problem of responsibility that are dispersed through the other poems. MacNeice is quite ungenerous in his less philosophical statements of the case against his irresolute contemporaries. In "Bottleneck" the objective source of moral indecisiveness is completely forgotten—unless one is to believe that he had not yet arrived at the understanding shown seventeen pages later in "The Springboard." The passivity and impotent neutrality of the man who "would never make a soldier or a servant" are made entirely subjective things and blamed, completely without sympathy, on "the permanent bottleneck of his highmindedness." In this poem, as in other sketches of moral types, "The Satirist" and "The Libertine," the conscience of his satire is clouded in self-congratulation, which suggests that he may be scotching a few of his own snakes.

Personalism, the discovery of the value of personality as an absolute entity, is, however, a frequent concomitant of philosophical reconstruction; MacNeice's preoccupation with personality types is therefore an essential activity, necessary to the new account he is trying to give of himself. It serves him as a basis of negative definition (the satires depict what he is not) and as a testing ground to try the run and scope of his ideas. In "The Kingdom," a long poem that ends the volume, MacNeice makes his first sustained effort to state directly and embody in personality the principle of his resolution. The Kingdom is of

The incorruptible souls who work without a commission,
The pairs of hands that are peers of hearts, the eyes that marry with eyes,
The candid scholar, the unselfish priest, the uncomplaining mothers of many . . .
These, as being themselves, are apart from not each other
But from such as being false are merely other. . . .

The Kingdom

. . . has no king except each subject, therefore
Apart from slaves and tyrants and from every
Community of mere convenience. . . .

And they are many. For go,
Go wherever you choose, among tidy villas or terrible
Docks, dumps and pitheads, or through the spangled moors . . .
Everywhere you will discover the men of the Kingdom
Loyal by intuition, born to attack, and innocent.

There follow six portraits of men and women who belong to the Kingdom, whether they know it or not: a squire who is a man of nature without a squire's presumption; a devoted mother; a drunken soldier; a girl "with a pitcher of ice-cold wild emotions . . . filled . . . at a lost well . . . of the remembered Kingdom"; a scientist and an honest preacher.

These are the people who know in their bones the answer
To the statesman's quiz and the false reformer's crude
Alternatives and ultimatums.

There is a fault, an important ambiguity in "The Kingdom" which, to my mind, prevents it from realizing the

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very excellent intentions of the poet. The fault is not in the lines as such, some of which are among MacNeice's best, but in the mystique that emerges from them, a kind of humanistic creed lacking in poetic differentiation. While I cannot help feeling that MacNeice's position is in its main respects the only possible one that can be held by a rational poet and a good liberal, determined to write with a minimum of distortion, I am disturbed to recognize in it the obvious trademark of the modern myth of The Common Man, which has lent itself to so many abuses, to say nothing of its intrinsic shortcomings, that its presence in serious poetry is almost an initial disqualification. There is both dignity and banality in this mystique, a true instinct, a half-true rationalization and a complete falsehood: it is true in being homocentric, in its regard for man; half-true in its making of the merely human a positive value in all contexts, where it serves also as a rationalization for the absence of other values, and false in being democratic by coercion, forcing an identification of the common with the best. That it is all things to all men may be seen in its political implications which run all the way from a mild reformism of good will through totalitarianism to extreme anarchism. For The Common Man is the great empty vessel of our time which remains empty although all manner of doctrines and assumptions, words and slogans and genuine human hopes flow into it. It is disappointing that so fine a poet as MacNeice should not have left a purer, more definite and personal residue in the common concept. As it is, "The Kingdom" seems but to underwrite the formless rational mysticism which is fast becoming, for liberal writers, the style that approximates the present age.

And yet MacNeice, especially in his more critical poems, including those which already belong to the past, does come close to fulfilling an ideal condition of modern times: the ideal of a rational poetry. As I have been trying to show, his writing is not without distortion, but it is a distortion incidental to the conception of poetry and not of its essence. He has remained faithful to the principle with which he began: to conform sensibility with wit and intelligence and fully express his individual nature so that no part thrives at the expense of another part. Pursuing his principle, he has deviated neither in the direction of a religious nor a political disavowal of the supremacy of the modern intellectual tradition, liberal, skeptical and humane. He is one of the few examples we have of a poet who has managed to live more or less without repudiation.

It is no easy thing to be a rational poet. In a sense, the very notion is oxymoronic, and even if we carefully explain what it means, and set forth the conditions under which a rational poet is still possible today, rationalism itself conspires against us. Rationalism is an economical form of thought, consuming little heat, and can keep going quite well by itself, with no actual need for poetry. Observe, for example, that MacNeice can coolly posit the value of human personality on its own terms without having to say with Blake that everything that lives is holy. A rationalist, moreover, is committed to a faith in means and intelligence, a belief in the possible success of human ventures that gives him a curiously optimistic coloring, abhorrent to poetry, which admits only hope. Paradoxically enough, the more difficult it becomes to hold up the rational mirror to the face of history, the more optimistic the rational poet grows.

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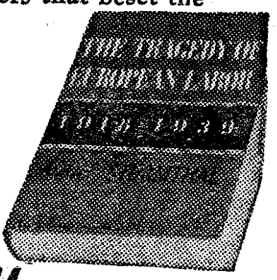

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"The Kingdom" offers sufficient evidence that this is true of MacNeice; there, the minimal belief in the incorruptibility of individual human nature looms as a maximal commitment, if only because historical pressures, having cracked all other articles of faith, have made this one imperative. In another poem, "Explorations," the optimism is even more pronounced, for it is read into a naturalistic account of the descent of man. Speaking of the lesser animals MacNeice observes that their apparently happy instinctual adaptation to environment need not be envied by man since

> their imputed purpose
> Is a foregone design—
>
> And ours is not. For we are unique, a conscious
> Hoping and therefore despairing creature, the final
> Anomaly of the world, we can learn no method
> From whales or birds or worms;
> Our end is our own to be won by our own endeavor
> And held on our own terms.

It seems to me that "the final anomaly of the world" is too strong an expression to be used of man if he can win and hold his own end. But the statement "man is the final anomaly of the world" is necessary to the poem as poem, for it is the only one which is poetically true in a group of biological truths. It is one of the defects of a strictly reasonable account of things, too great perhaps for any poet to correct, that the truths of poetry do not always mingle with the truths of mere natural experience. All poetry can do is declare the final anomaly of the world and trust that reason will restrain itself. A rational poet is still a possibility, but a rational optimist is a dead duck.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

The Problem of the Anthology

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as, turning the pages, he is reminded of this character, that incident, and the other purple passage. For him. But all anthology was not made for him. He has in his library all the books from which the excerpts are taken. It was made for those who have not read the books or even bought them. The critic has to ask himself; what will *they* make of it?

Clearly—to continue to take our examples from *A Treasury of Satire*—he cannot make much of Dickens by reading parts of two chapters from *Martin Chuzzlewit*. "Dickens," as the late Sir Walter Raleigh said, rolling his Scots *r's* "is like beer-r-r. It's of a naw use taking a wee sip, you've got to take a long dr-r-r—aught." If Dickens were a solitary case, anthologists would have an easier time. But *A Treasury of Satire* deals out equally short measure—about a dozen pages—to Rabelais, Fielding, both Samuel Butlers, Byron, Thackeray and other essentially diffuse writers. Writers whose art lies more in close structure than in lengthy development suffer too. What is the use of a few pages from a play by Molière or Shakespeare? How can one make good sense—or rather good nonsense, which is an equally subtle thing—out of a mere extract from *Alice in Wonderland*? Examples could be multiplied by merely adding the names of most of the seventy-odd writers.

What are the intended uses of an anthology of excerpts? Beyond being the publishers' sly way of making money out of many authors who can receive no royalty, it seems to have two possible functions: as a box of toys or leisurely amusement and as an educational instrument. As entertainment (for those who have not read the books from which they are taken) the items in *A Treasury of Satire* are of varied value. Some poems of nine modern poets are cited in full. Nearly all are amusing; one or two are very amusing; several are more than amusing; and Dorothy Parker is not amusing at all. In most cases I simply cannot judge, because I judge a passage from my knowledge of the book it belongs to, and cannot see it as a separate work. As an educational instrument, *A Treasury of Satire* might have its limited uses. Provided that students follow up their reading of these tidbits by reading whole books, the anthology can be partly justified as a bait and as a convenient collection of passages for detailed analysis. It is held together by Mr. Edgar Johnson's intelligent interpretations of satiric method, and our verdict, I think, should be that in general Mr. Johnson does his job very well if the job simply *has* to be done. His choices are his own; but he is not afraid to choose a famous passage if it is the best. His introductions are far above the usual level of such things; and we are entitled to expect a good deal from his announced volume, *Analysis of Satire*.

There are some things in Mr. Johnson's essays and introductions that I find hard to take, as when he carries on about Pope in this manner:

> See him amid beauty, gallantry, and the great; surrounded by bright eyes and melting bosoms and curled locks, by steep slabs of noble faces null beneath enormous wigs . . .

or about the age of Chaucer:

> Chivalry, a dying order flaring up in a kind of autumnal splendor, glows with a pageantry more magnificent than when the wine of youth ran in its veins . . .

or about satirists in general:

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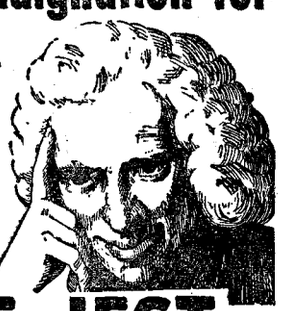

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We couldn't do without them, and wouldn't want to. They've been doing a wonderful job, from Aristophanes to Rodgers and Hart. But we still have a lot of people and a lot of things that need to have the living daylights lambasted out of them. . . .

Is it really necessary to gush? And to patronize the past? These are not purely rhetorical questions. Mr. Johnson is obviously interested in a tremendous and important enterprise: the popularization of culture. So am I. So are we all. Under democracy the extension of culture to larger and larger numbers of people is a prime task of all who possess culture already. Mr. Johnson possesses it. His essays bear witness to an acuteness of perception that one can easily fail to note because of recurring floweriness and blah. Mr. Johnson, says his publisher, "shares his infectious delight with the reader." This excessively jolly sharing of infectious delight makes for the worst sort of literary criticism, the kind of criticism Mr. Johnson practises in the passages cited above (and in chapter headings like "Juvenal: Thunder over Rome," and "The Sun-Warmed Wisdom of Chaucer"), yet one wonders what is the *right* way of popularizing culture without vulgarizing it. This is the problem we have to set to work on.

Meanwhile we learn by mistakes. And is not the anthological box of toys, exhibited by an enthusiastic editor, upon the whole a mistake? Bernard Shaw apparently thought so. He gave as a reason for not permitting anything of his to appear in Mr. Johnson's anthology that he doesn't write satire but natural history. One can think of other reasons.

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

The Disquieting Corpse

The Unquiet Grave, A Word Cycle, by Palinurus (Cyril Connolly). New York: Harper and Brothers. 152 pages. $2.50.

IT ISN'T very likely that Cyril Connolly, the editor of *Horizon*, London's swank literary monthly, is related to One-Eyed Connolly, the greatest gate-crasher in the history of organized sport. Some historians credit the latter with walking backwards into the Polo Grounds so skillfully that the ticket-takers thought he was coming out. (Other historians give precedence for this feat to a character named Coogan: hence Coogan's Bluff.) But there is a symbolic relationship at least between the two in that the English critic has succeeded in making a readable book out of his "doubts and reflections of a year, a word-cycle in three or four rhythms; art, love, nature and religion"—not a promising prospect. It is a readable book because of, not in spite of, its irritations.

Mr. Connolly makes a great show of his learning (but he is learned). He is a literary and social snob (but after the fashion of Flaubert he challenges the lazy democrat to restate his values). On the whole, this is one of the best accounts of The Great Retreat from the Thirties. More limited than the over-all strategic report of Auden, less exhibitionistic than Koestler's Handy Guide for Reformed Commissars and Potential Yogis, *The Unquiet Grave* is an apology for "Liberals without a belief in progress, Democrats who despise their fellow-men, Pagans who still live by Christian morals, Intellectuals who cannot find the intellect sufficient—unsatisfied Materialists. . . . I believe in two-faced truth, in the Either, the Or and the Holy Both." (Elsewhere his puns are less fortunate, like "womb with a view.")

Always up-to-the-minute, Mr. Connolly has availed himself of the terminology of existentialism: we find him "being in the world," filled with feelings of "anxiety, spleen, noia, guilt, fear, remorse, cafard." At one point he quotes Kierkegaard, "Had I followed my pleasure and chosen what I plainly have a decided talent for: police spy, I should have been much happier than I afterwards became." He can say that again, if the growing vogue for existentialist jargon continues. For intellectual and psychological reasons, the philosophy of Kierkegaard and his followers may be necessary for many of the survivors of The Great Retreat, but let us hope we shall be spared its mannerisms.

Not the least of this book's virtues is its very complete index. The most frequent entries are Angst, Art, Baudelaire, Flaubert and Love.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Contributors

RAYMOND POSTGATE is identified in the editors' note preceding his article.

MORRIS FREEDMAN, recently discharged from the Army, was graduated from the College of the City of New York and won awards in the 1938 *Scholastic Magazine* contest for short story, literary essay and humorous sketch. He served for more than two years in the psychological program of the Army Air Forces. One of his stories is soon to appear in *Yank, the Army Weekly*.

RALPH BATES is a British novelist and writer on politics and music. Among his books is *The Undiscoverables*, a collection of tales dealing with the Sicilian scene shortly before Italy's entry into the war.

FRED R. MILLER has published short stories and verse and has contributed to *Jazz Information* and the *Jazz Record*.

RALPH ELLISON, now in the merchant marine, was an editor of the *Negro Quarterly*. Fiction and critical articles by him have appeared in *New Masses, Tomorrow, Common Ground* and *Direction*, and he holds a Rosenwald Fellowship for creative writing for 1945.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL, a young American modernist painter, will hold one-man shows this season in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

FREDERIC WERTHAM, psychiatrist and neurologist, is the author of *Dark Legend: A Study of Murder* and *The Brain as an Organ: A Textbook of Neuropathology*. He is working on a book on Marx and Freud.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER, assistant professor of History at the University of Maryland and co-holder of the Alfred A. Knopf History Fellowship for 1945, is working on his second book, *Men and Ideas in American Politics*.

MARJORIE FARBER is at present living in Norfolk, Virginia. She has contributed reviews to *Accent, Partisan Review*, the *Kenyon Review*, the *New Republic* and other periodicals.

ISAAC ROSENFELD was formerly an assistant editor of the *New Republic*. His first novel, *Passage from Home*, will be published by the Dial Press in January.

ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY, author of *A Century of Hero Worship*, published last year by J. B. Lippincott, and an advisory editor of the *Kenyon Review*, is an assistant professor of English at the University of Minnesota.

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